

THE **Tatler**

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 4 Oct. 1961



WINE
and
food

acceptable rules for the great game of whist, he stopped a lot of trouble and bloodshed in the washbuckling days of gambling. Although his rules were revised a century later, his name still rings over the green baize at all the best games, wreathed now in smiles and the smooth smoke of Player's cigarettes.

According to Hoyte is what card players shout at the drop of an ace. *Go to Halifax* is what they shout in anger at careless partners or those that forget the packets of Player's, the player's friend. Both these cries of old London come from the same source. They both refer to Mr. Edward Hoyte, legal geny, born in Halifax in 1672. He used to play cards with the swells in the Crown Coffee House, Bedford Row (no juke-box, no Espresso) and, by formulating



Player's players trump the rest

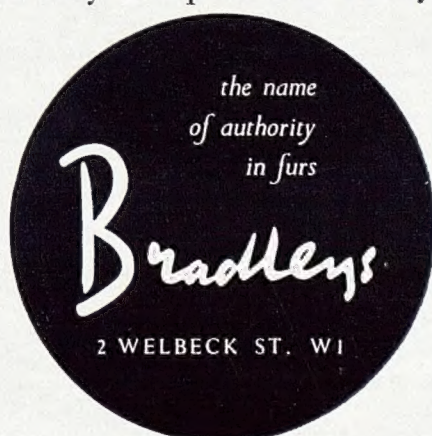
The first and golden rule for card players is *Smoke, Shuffle and Cut*. And that's where Player's players have the advantage. They start off with a smooth Player's cigarette, a tactical indulgence to clear their minds for action. Then at any game from nine-card brag to beggar-your-neighbour they are cool,

calculating and as happily ruthless as old Mr. Hoyle himself, the man who made the rules. He had to make the rules; back there in the seventeenth century it was the only way he could win. He had no smooth Player's to soothe his mind and sharpen his wits. People love Player's



Peter Clark photo

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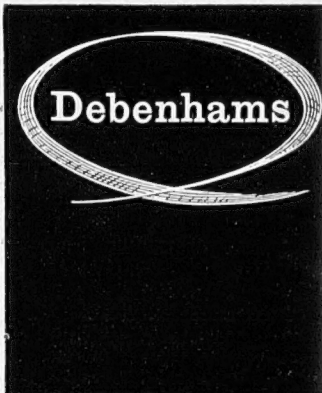
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Northampton Adnits
North Shields Walkers
Nottingham Griffin & Spalding
Norwich Bonds, Marshall & Snelgrove
Oxford Elliston & Cavell
Palmer's Green Evans & Davies
Port Talbot Jones
Preston Owen Owen
Redcar Robina Brown
Richmond Hill Fashions
Ripley Clarke
Rotherham John Speed
Ruislip Hetella
St. Annes Walmsley
Scarborough Rowntrees
Sheffield Cockayne, John Atkinson,
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THE Tatler

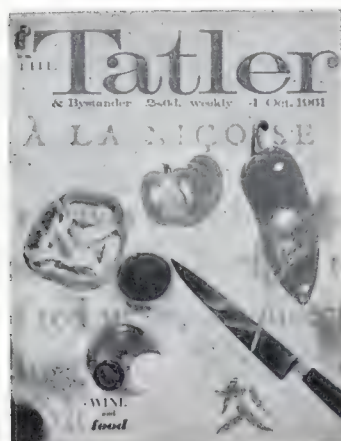
AND BYSTANDER

2s 6d WEEKLY

4 OCTOBER 1961

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Peppers green and red, chilies and tomatoes, onion rings and marjoram form the basis of the salad dreamed up in the colour picture by David Sim. The knife is from Cadec, Greek Street. For more expertise on eating and drinking at home and abroad read H. Warner Allen on page 18 and the three menus by Helen Burke page 33 onwards. And if you've ever wondered what to say at a wine tasting, Pamela Vandyke-Price has advice to offer on page 36

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Horse Of The Year Show, Wembley Stadium, to 7 October.

Chelsea Autumn Antiques Show, Chelsea Town Hall, to 14 October.

Women Of The Year Luncheon, Savoy Hotel, 5 October.

"Music From The Ballet," Royal Festival Hall, 6 October. London Philharmonic Orchestra with Leslie Caron (narrator). In aid of the Y.W.C.A. & the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children. (Tickets, R.F.H. & agencies.)

British Horse Society Trials, Tweseldown, Hants, 7 October.

Fashion Show by the House of Worth at Berkeley Castle, Glos, 7 October, in aid of the Cheshire Foundation Homes. (Tickets, 3.30 p.m. show, £2 2s., including tea; 8.30 p.m. show £4 4s., including champagne buffet. Double tickets for evening show, £7 7s. From D. A. Wykes, Esq., Lloyds Bank, 23 Milsom Street, Bath.)

Christian Dior Fashion Show, London Collection for Autumn & Winter, 6 p.m., 6 October, at Gosford House, near Edinburgh, home of Lord & Lady Wemyss, in aid of the Marie Curie Foundation. (Tickets, £3 3s. from Major R. T. Reid, 21 Rutland Street, Edinburgh, 1.)

Arundel Castle Fashion Show, the London Fashion House Group, and Continental clothes, 3 p.m., 9 October, in aid of the Red Cross. (Tickets 30s., including tea, from Mrs. Evershed-Martin, Trefusis, Pine Grove, Chichester, or M. P. Attree, Esq., Lloyds Bank, East Street, Chichester.)

"Do-Re-Mi" (American musical) charity gala, Prince of Wales Theatre, 8 p.m., 11 October, in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. (Tickets, £2 2s. to £5 5s., from the Secretary, R.N.L.I., 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1. Tel.: SLO 0031, Ext. 18.)

British Horse Society Trials, Chatsworth, Derbyshire, 14 October.

Hunter Trials: Portman, at Tarrant Gunville, nr. Blandford, Dorset; Golden Valley, nr. Hay-on-Wye, 14 October. Ledbury, at Upleadon, Glos, 16 October. Cottesmore, at Braunton, nr. Oakham, 20 October; Army, at Tidworth Park, Hants; Albrighton Woodland, at Hagley, Wores; New Forest, at Beaulieu, Hants, 21 October.

Fashion Show by Weatherall, at 198 Regent Street, 17 October, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. (Tickets, including champagne buffet, £1 10s. from Lady Lane, R.C.N., Henrietta Place, S.W.1.)

Dockland Settlements Ball, Savoy, 18 October. (Tickets, £5 5s., including dinner, £1 1s. for Night Club, from Mrs. Dolores Selborne, 6 Albion Street, Hyde Park, W.1, or General Secretary, 164 Romford Road, E.15. Tel.: Maryland 4944.)

Scenes From Shakespeare, by Sir Donald Wolfitt & Rosalind Idem, Grocers' Hall, Princes Street, E.C.2, 18 October, for National Association of Youth Clubs. 7.30 p.m. for 9 p.m. The Duchess of Buccleuch will receive guests. (Tickets, £2 2s., including fork supper with wine, from Mrs. R. L. Triggs, 1a Elm Place, S.W.7. Tel.: Kensington 3958.)

Halloween Ball, Tidworth House, Hants, in aid of the Andover, Kingsclere & Whitechurch Division,

Red Cross, 20 October. (Tickets, Mrs. C. M. Clarke, Postgrove House, Swannell, Andover.)

Newbury Race Ball, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 20 October, in aid of local charities. (Tickets, £3 3s. inclusive, from Mrs. J. M. Laycock, 99 Greenham Road, Newbury.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Lingfield Park, York, today & 5; Ascot Heath, Manchester, 6, 7; Warwick, 7, 9; Maze, Lisburn, 11; Newmarket, 12-14 October. (Cesarewitch 14.)

Steeplechasing: Wincanton, Woore, 5; Taunton, Wetherby, Carlisle, 7; Plumpton, Southwell, Carlisle, 9; Cheltenham, 11, 12 October.

GOLF

Palace Hotel Tournament, Torquay, to 6 October.

Ryder Cup, Great Britain v. U.S.A., Lytham St. Annes, Lancs, 13, 14 October.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Les Pâtimeurs*, *Giselle*, tonight & 6 October; *Antigone*, *Symphonic Variations*, *The Firebird*, 11 October. 7.30 p.m. (COV 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Die Walküre*, 6 p.m., 6, 9 October; *Falstaff*, 7.30 p.m., 7, 10, 12, 14 October.

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Chorus & Orchestra in Beethoven's Mass in C, 8 p.m. tonight; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra with Hephzibah Menuhin (piano) in an Ernest Read concert for children, 2 p.m., 7 October. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Tosca* (first performance of season), 7.30 p.m., 5 October; *Carmen*, 7 p.m., 6, 9, 12 October; *Barber Of Seville*, 7.30 p.m., 7 October; *Flying Dutchman*, 7.30 p.m., 11 October. (TER 1672/3.)

ART

Max Ernst, retrospective exhibition, 1917-1961, Tate Gallery, to 15 October.

26 Young Sculptors, Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dover Street, to 7 October.

Modern Stained Glass, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, 5 October-4 November.

Bührle Collection paintings, National Gallery, to 5 November.

EXHIBITIONS

Business Efficiency Exhibition, Olympia, to 11 October.

Design from Sweden, Design Centre, Haymarket, 6 October-4 November.

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of Contemporary British Literature, to 6 October.

Swansea Festival of Music & The Arts, 6-20 October.

Leeds Triennial Music Festival, 7-14 October.

Stroud Religious Drama & Festival of the Arts, 8-15 October.

Coventry Festival of Music, 9-15 October.

FIRST NIGHT

Prince of Wales Theatre. *Do-Re-Mi* 12 October.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 48.

A Whistle In The Dark. "... brings to life characters which are extraordinarily hard to forget ... appalling commentary on human nature. Michael Craig, Patrick Magee, Dorothy Bromily, Derren Nesbitt. (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR 5973.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 49.

G.R. = General release.

A Taste Of Honey. "... no attempt to glamorize the play ... stands up to the best the contemporary cinema can offer ... Miss Rita Tushingham gives a quite extraordinarily moving performance." Dora Bryan, Murray Melvin, Rita Tushingham, Paul Danquah. G.R.

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES

*Vanessa Redgrave plays Shakespeare's fiery Katherine in the current production of **The Taming of the Shrew** at the Aldwych Theatre. Her Petruchio is Derek Godfrey*

DAVID SIM





Douglas Sutherland

Hi-fi and horses

ONE OF LONDON'S TOP RATING WEST END CLUBS IS TAKING ON A NEW look. Ex-Guards officer Peter Davies who is a director of Hélène Cordet's well-known club in Hamilton Place tells me that their plans for the winter season are not limited to the complete refurbishing of the club itself. There has been much conjecture over the last few months as to the future of **Number Seven Hamilton Place** which ex-Fleet Street editor Frank Owen opened some years back as a West End rendezvous for Burma campaign veterans. Lack of support forced that excellent venture to close and most of the better-known night club owners have been rumoured as being interested in the property. There was even a suggestion, at one time, that the world-renowned "Bricktop" was interested in buying it as an annexe to her famous club in Rome. It is now announced that it has been acquired by next door neighbour Hélène Cordet and opens tonight under the new management.

In origin, Number Seven was the stables for the next door mansion so it is appropriate that the theme of the décor should derive from the stable and saddle-room. Perhaps the ostlers of yesteryear would not recognize it as such but still the thought is there. Now around the pine-panelled walls hang photographs of horses, donated and signed by well-known present-day racehorse owners. Red leather cushions upholster the barrel seats and sawn-off port butts serve as tables. Most novel feature is the hi-fi equipment, probably the most up-to-date in London and operated by a disc jockey seated in what I can only describe as a sort of starter's box at the far end of the dance floor. Already available is a large international library of records but at the time of going to press no disc jockey has yet been appointed. My guess is that a well-known young socialite will fill the role, but the management are open to offers.



John Baker White

In search of good drinking

IT IS MY FIRM AND CONSIDERED BELIEF THAT TODAY THE RESTAURANTS and hotels of London have a wider range of fine wines, and often at more moderate prices, than their counterparts in Paris. Moreover, in London's restaurants one can get sound and cheap wines—from Yugoslavia, Spain, Portugal and elsewhere—that are not on the lists at all in France. I realize that these assertions may cause pain to and arouse wrath in some old friends, but I will try to prove their accuracy.

Starting at the **Connaught Hotel** let me open the challenge with four unusual wines on their list. A vintage Rhone Rosé, a 1955 Gigondas, which my wife and I found wholly delightful—and, after all, how many lists contain a *vintage rosé*, and at 25s. a bottle? Then there was a 1955 red Gigondas, rather like a Châteauneuf du Pape; a charming 1959 domaine-bottled Sancerre, Marnier-Lapostolle, and a *white* Châteauneuf du Pape, a 1958 Vidal-Fleury. I asked Mr. Rudolf Richard which, in his opinion, were the finest wines on the Connaught list. He named particularly number 48B, an Aloxe Corton Latour 1955, followed by numbers 49, 50, 50A, and 57.

The **Gore Hotel** has a remarkable cellar of high quality. Mr. Peter Herbert told me that he has over 600 wines on his list, ranging from 14s. to £14 per bottle. These wines, with the exception of a few that might be harmed by the journey, are available at Gravetye Manor, near East Grinstead. Peter Herbert, who tries some four wines every week, told me that he keeps his list up to quality with the aid of experts who taste

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Object of the new club is to provide a play spot for the younger set who find going places late too expensive in the plushier West End clubs. Membership will be £1 a year with 2s. 6d. for a membership key. I was disappointed to find that the membership key does not in fact open anything but I reckon it is going to be seen on quite a few fashionable key rings in the near future. The club will be open from 9 p.m. until 4 a.m. which would seem to give plenty of time for the younger members to work off their high spirits. While the present licensing laws exist, drinks can only be served until 2 a.m. but with the advent of the new law later this year they will be able to serve drinks until 3 a.m. No hot meals will be served but a wide range of sandwiches will be available. These vary in price and content from a caviare sandwich at £1, to a cheese at 3s. There is a door charge of 15s. a head which covers the price of the first drink. Thereafter all drinks from milk to whisky are 2s. 6d. each with the exception of wine. Champagne will cost only £2 a bottle and all other wines £1. All in all this seems to me to be a thoroughly worthwhile addition to the London late night scene and I wish it every success. Final horsy note. Peter Davies's own private and encrusted brougham will be available to take home late, late nighters. Coachman Rick Webb steers the horse and guarantees your safe arrival.

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) Extravaganza, a spectacular floorshow with quantities of girls and variety acts. Star comedians are George & Bert Bernard

Colony (MAY 1657) Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves with their popular comedy act

Celebrity (HYD 7636) The Max Wall Show continues; with the comedian are dancers, singers and show girls; also Mack & Kirk, Scottish comedians

Winstons (REG 5411) New show, The Good Old-Fashioned Days



Dorothy Squires is making one of her rare British cabaret appearances at The Talk Of The Town



K. C. GOODMAN

The Connaught Hotel. Unusual wines on their list

The Bridge

25 BASIL STREET (just behind Harrods)
Reservations: KENSINGTON 1723

**The Bridge is a small, intimate English restaurant with a large—and growing—international clientele... its balcony*

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*with Roy Alderson's startling marine décor
is a unique Rendezvous in Knightsbridge,
serving finest Whitstable Natives...*

*Specialities—

Hot creamed Morecambe Shrimps
Omelette Arnold Bennett Steak Wellington
Topsy Cake

*The Bridge—
for that Luncheon you'll linger over...
that Dinner you'll not forget*



The one and only Dry Sack señor, from España!



Dry Sack... the produce of Spain's finest vineyards; a medium-dry sherry that will please you. A magnificent sherry, señor; matured in Williams & Humbert's Bodegas at Jerez-de-la-Frontera in Southern Spain. It has been famous for over fifty years. Another glass? Of course, señor! I knew you'd find Dry Sack irresistible.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S DRY SACK SHERRY

Williams & Humbert's World Famous Sherries

AS YOU LIKE IT	Cream Sherry of great age	- 25/-	FINO PANDO	Delicate and very dry	- 20/-
A WINTER'S TALE	Very Old Wine of Character	- 24/-	WALNUT BROWN	Rich and rare	- 20/-
DRY SACK	Medium-dry old Oloroso	- 21/6	CARLITO	An excellent dry Amontillado	- 18/6
CANASTA CREAM	Distinctive and mellow	- 20/-			

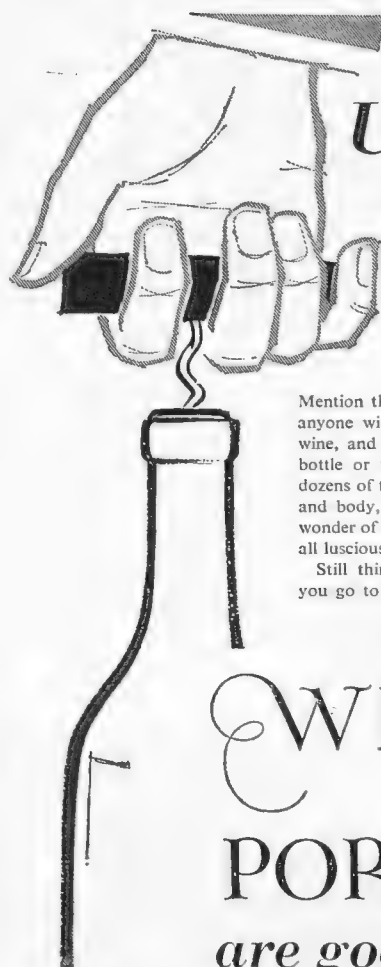
Bodegas: JEREZ-DE-LA-FRONTIERA, SPAIN
London Address: SHERRY HOUSE · CRUTCHED FRIARS

Tia Maria



The original
Jamaican coffee liqueur
—delicious with cream

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OF
PORTUGAL
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If you would like to know more about Portuguese Table Wines,
write to: Portuguese State Office, 20 Regent Street, S.W.1



The De Vere Hotel. Try the white Chateaufneuf du Pape

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

without knowing the names of the shippers or growers in advance.

J. Lyons & Co. have one of the largest cellars in Britain; this is reflected in the remarkable range and quality of the list at the **Trocadero Grill**. It includes 24 chateau-bottled clarets—and who should quarrel at paying less than 50s. for a 1949 Château Mouton-Rothschild Pauillac? Among my favourites is a white Burgundy, a 1955 Savigny, bottled in

France. Such Lyons establishments as the Grill & Cheese restaurants follow the sound policy of having short lists of sound wines at most moderate prices. I expect discerning diners-out have spotted the two admirable clarets on the London Steak House list.

Mr. Robert Lush at the **De Vere Hotel** has made a special study of out-of-the-ordinary fine wines, and he, too, has a white Chateaufneuf du Pape on his list. On it as well, and available by the glass in the Opera Bar, are eight of the charming Jura wines, including one that is most difficult to find in France, the exquisite 1949 Château-Chalon.

Madame Simone **Prunier's** list in her St. James's Street establishment is another outstanding example of what London can do. It contains another of my favourites, the 1959 Vin Blanc de Mensil. Here, too, for a special occasion, there is a 1953 Château-Yquem, and a fine selection of Alsatian wines, that British wine-drinkers seem so slow to appreciate.

Before this article appears **Hatchetts**, completely reconstructed, will once again have opened its door on to Piccadilly with its highly original Guards Bar off the stairs. As the restaurant stands on the site of the White Horse Cellars, I'm sure it will have a good list. Col. Geoffrey Russell-Hay, of Overtons, whose restaurant it is now, assures me that it will be up to the high standard of their Victoria and St. James's Street establishments.

This list of places where good wines can be found is far from being exhaustive. There are good cellars at the railway hotels, and fine quality English cooking at the Great Western at Paddington. Trust Houses, too, have an excellent stock of wines, as I am sure they will prove at their new Hertford Hotel in Bayswater Road. The Buckingham Flame Room has some interesting wines on its list; so has the Shorthorn in Chelsea. Incidentally, Mr. Corrigan's 1957 Fleurie, though young for a Burgundy, goes jolly well with a steak. Charles Massey has also chosen his wines with care for his chop house in Beauchamp Place. And not too far from London? Lists at the Bell House, Sutton Benger, the Bell at Aston Clinton, at the charming Regency Abinger House at Brighton, the White Hart at Lewes, and the Compleat Angler at Marlow, come to mind.



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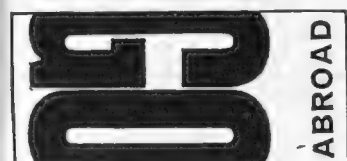
A. F. KERSTING

Nice: The view west along the Quai des Etats Unis



J. ALLAN CASH

Cap Ferrat: St. Jean is still a fishing village



Doone Beal

The Riviera reassessed

LEAVING PARIS AND LE TOUQUET ASIDE, I SUPPOSE THAT TO HAVE SPENT one's first Continental holiday on the Riviera is typical. Most people went there long before the Costa Brava was developed, long before there were any hotels on the Greek islands, long before Yugoslavia and the Lebanon entered the picture. A prejudice against Franco's Spain and Tito's Yugoslavia, a doubt about the consequences of quixotic Arab politics, was a deterrent to some. But in the past five years inclusive tours and the tremendous increase in Continental travel have pushed the fashionable fishing villages farther and farther afield. So I was interested, last month, to go back to source and revisit the original playground, standard model and, for many people, standard of comparison by which other parts of Europe and the Mediterranean are judged.

Steaming in the early morning into the old port, Nice, glowing against the violet mountains with the haze still not quite lifted, looked its most lovely. Both the best and the worst of its architecture—the tall red buildings in the old city, a certain raspberry stucco villa with a decorated dome on the Promenade des Anglais, the white wedding cake of the Negresco, never cease to delight me. Nice is so gloriously, unashamedly opulent. Then the fact that it is a city with a life of its own and not *only* a resort, makes its appeal a perennial one. Much the same applies to Cap Ferrat, an old favourite of mine. St. Jean is still a fishing village. Perhaps the lack of “proper” sandy beaches is what has kept the little peninsula to itself far more than the rest of the coast. You can slum happily in Cap Ferrat, knowing that the fleshpots, if you want them, are only just around the corner.

Of the coast between Nice and Cannes, the less said the better (with the exception of the old part of Antibes), but Cannes itself, outside of July and August, manages to shrink back to its original shape. Where Nice is busy, brash and opulent, Cannes is simply luxurious. Sloping mattresses, tilted to catch the September morning sun, lined the pier of the Carlton Hotel and perfectly packed, perfectly pink prawns lined the boxes outside some shops nearby. I thought again how well dressed it is, and how well fed. Its air of benign elegance will surely survive

any temporary shifting of allegiance. It may or not appeal to you, but of its kind it is a classic.

What is regrettable to people who knew it “when,” is that the entire coast from Cannes to St. Tropez is now a ribbon development of Le Camping, beach bars, juke boxes and some rather ghastly little villas, though nothing can ever change the superb backdrop of the mountains, with the Alps looking close enough to walk to. Nor the colour of the sea, especially from a height, as at Théoule. It is no longer any use going to the Riviera proper (I exclude the coast west of St. Tropez) in the hope of finding some undiscovered corner of it for yourself. Rather, take advantage of what has *been* discovered.

On a smaller scale than Cannes, but after the same pattern, are both St. Raphael and St. Maxime, of which the former is the more urban. They both have casinos, nicely organized beaches, pretty shops and good restaurants. They admirably satisfy that perpetual cry for a good beach and something to do in the evening without transport.

The parchment-coloured pile of St. Tropez lures from way over the other side of the bay. And not in vain. The legend of Mesdames Sagan and Bardot has probably done more for it than its climate, but it is a beautiful little town, with its forest of masts and old buildings. One advantage it has over its neighbours is that whereas some of them have straggled unbecomingly into neo-suburb, St. Tropez has stayed confined, though not so its public; the crowds that swarm along the harbour front, being bumped behind the knees by cruising motors, seem dressed as for some gigantic chorus. The shops selling gingham jeans and Bardot-type bikinis are practically an open dressing-room. Every other cellar is a bar, a boutique or a restaurant. The best hotel is the Hermitage, but book well in advance.

There are three more isolated hotels between Cannes and St. Tropez: Le Résidence at Val-D'Esquières (*luxe*, with prices to match), the Tour de l'Esquillon at Miramar, just beyond Théoule, with a private téléphérique down to the beach; and the Baumette, at Agay, which has a star for its food as well as luxury accommodation rating in Michelin. Like the others, it is not cheap; reckon on £3 a day and upwards (more at the Résidence) just for the room.

To be beastly about the Riviera, one can in my opinion go farther and fare better for the price (examples: Corsica, Majorca, southern Spain); but few stretches of any coastline have quite the concentration of *luxe* and civilized establishments, casinos and shops; nor such a generally high standard of food; nor, if one is mobile with a car, such rewarding country to enjoy immediately inland. And, motoring back through France, several people have pointed out to me recently how pleasantly and reasonably one can fare by keeping off the main highways and out of the starrier restaurants.

WINES AND FOODS OF PORTUGAL

By H. WARNER ALLEN

GEOGRAPHICALLY and gastronomically, Portugal, that narrow strip of land between ocean and mountains, with a coastline three times its breadth, boasts a unique charm in both its scenery and its kindly hospitable people, and a wealth of special wines and dishes, which are at their best when drunk and eaten together. Perhaps for those who do not know the country, the reputation of its kitchen has suffered from the ill repute of its national dish, *bacalhau*. This salted cod is a staple in many poor countries, but there are countless seductive dishes only to be found in Portugal, and the Portuguese cook has at his disposal the best olive oil in the world.

It must be remembered that no one goes to Portugal to drink port. Port as *par excellence* the Englishman's wine drinks far better here than in its original home. A glass of tawny port in one of the restaurants catering for the visitor may offer an agreeable change, but vintage port is by definition bottled in England. Yet the port-lover will find much to interest him in the natural Douro wines, the foundation on which, with the aid of brandy, his favourite wine is built. In Oporto I had been amusing myself by tracing the kinship between port and those nice young ordinary Douro wines of the type sold here as *Evelita*, *Campo Grande*, &c. Wishing to try one of these wines at its very best, I gave a little dinner party to some Oporto friends and asked one of them, a port expert, to choose the best natural wine available and fit it into a meal representative of the best Portuguese cuisine. The name of the restaurant expresses the quaint, self-pleasing fancy which characterizes everything Portuguese, *O Escondidinho*, *The Little Hidden-away Place*, perhaps more modest in its name than in its prices. For an aperitif, a dry white port was available. A white Calvelos, neither too dry nor too sweet, went well with a dish quite new to me, *lagosta gratinada* (homard

gratiné), which persuaded me that lobster and cheese could make far better friends than I had ever imagined. I have certainly never eaten better *tournedos* than the *bifes na frigideira*; beautifully tender, if over-generous for appetites slimmed by enduring post-war austerity, chosen to consort with the red Tinto Reserva da Ferreirinha at its prime at the age of 10. Time had conferred on it a pleasant fruity bouquet and a rich aroma raising to a high rank the flavour that distinguishes all Portuguese wines, red and white, port included. I ascribe this to vineyards that must always breathe the Atlantic ozone and the crisp air of the mountains, wonderful correctives of a hot climate. My port-shipping friend had decided that a perfect vanilla soufflé should introduce Offley's tawny *Boa Vista*, but I do wish that his choice had fallen on the delicious sweet white wine *Grandjô*, from the head of the Douro valley near the Spanish frontier, a wine with which, grown in his vineyards, the Marquis de Soveral, Portuguese Ambassador to the Court of Saint James, used to oil the wheels of diplomacy.

The gourmet who visits Lisbon should regard the admirable entertainment he will find there as a first step in a pilgrimage to Setúbal beyond the great harbour estuary. Few spots can pride themselves on being the home both of a world-famous wine and a dish of classic renown as Setúbal can. The *Moscatel de Setúbal* is generally accepted as the finest muscatelle wine in the world and its *salmonete*, red mullet, knows no rival. A meal in one of its restaurants is memorable. Portugal has excellent meat, particularly veal, but it excels in the variety and flavour of its fish. In Setúbal, as elsewhere, hors d'oeuvre menace the later courses, tempting with novelties such as sardine roes challenging caviare and quantities of tasty little shell fish. Greed must be restrained, if a whole luncheon is to be consumed. How the Setúbal *salmonete*

manages to be at once much larger and more delicate than the red mullet eaten here, or that found in the Mediterranean, is a mystery. The Romans were evidently right when they judged the *mullus* by its size and paid fantastic sums for giant fish. *Salmonete na grelha* in the grilling of which, I am told, the cook must treat the liver as a treasure, is a gourmet's dream. The Setúbal gastronome is as curious about the exact spot where his fish was caught as a wine connoisseur about the site of vineyards.

North of Lisbon, "Sintra's glorious Eden," as Byron called it, marks the way to the *pousada* of S. José da Ursa, one of those excellent little modern hotels and eating places, which are springing up all over Portugal. There the gourmet pilgrim should make the acquaintance of the delightful fish called *cherne* and hot cockle-like clams known as *ameijoas* and above all, with the local veal, the finest of all red Portuguese table wines, Colares. If he can find a vintage Colares with the label of the Visconde de Salrieu, he will taste at its best an extraordinary wine like no other in the world. It is pressed from the noble *ramisco* grape, grown in unique conditions—practically the only modern wine made from ancient native vines. Its vines are rooted in clay, which feeds them, and rise to the surface through perhaps 20 or 30 feet of shifting sand left by the retreating sea. Phylloxera, the insect that destroyed all the native vines of Europe by attacking their roots, cannot creep down to its prey through shifting sand.

There are, too, the attractions of Vizeu in the Dão with a cuisine and good wines of its own, and of the *vinhos verdes*, green wines, refreshingly acidulous with a prickle of effervescence, pressed from grapes grown high above the sun-baked soil. And there is no better place to enjoy it than Amarante, famous for its trout with which it goes so well.

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ROGER HILL

Bringing in the crop at a small vineyard near Pinhao in the centre of the Douro valley

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MEET OF THE DEVON & SOMERSET



THE Master, Col. L. M. Murphy (*right*) and huntsman Bill Lock lead off the field after the meet of the Devon & Somerset Stag-hounds at Yarde Down, near South Molton. Though four stags were started at the beginning of the day, only one was old enough to be hunted, and the staghounds had a day's run before he shook them off by taking refuge in a thickset copse. Muriel Bowen describes a later meet of the Devon & Somerset at Winsford Hill overleaf with more pictures by Van Hallan

MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET

CONTINUED

Mrs. E. C. Lloyd*Mr. Robin Dunn and Mr. N. M. McElligott**Mr. A. R. Harding and Mrs. T. C. Keigwin*

Muriel Bowen reports

THE DEVON & SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS RIDING over Exmoor to their meeting place on Winsford Hill provided a picture that Munnings would have liked with its unusual colour combination of hunting scarlet and vivid purple as hounds and horses jogged on over the heather. "We've been out since early August and it's been a pretty good season all round," **Col. L. M. Murphy**, the Master, told me. "We've killed nine stags to date—very good really when you consider how dry it has been." He used to be in the old Indian Cavalry, whipped-in to the Peshawar Vale, and chose Exmoor when the time came for putting down permanent roots. "Unlike most other places nowadays it isn't too congested; there's peace and quiet round here. Then there's the air. Marvellous, don't you think?" Certainly it's bracing but there hasn't always been peace and quiet for the Devon & Somerset bore the brunt of the anti-blood-sports attack. There were some unpleasant incidents, but these staghunters are sturdy types. They had the last word and hunting continues on Exmoor as it has

done since the days of the first Queen Elizabeth. The "antis" campaign attracted large crowds of car followers, and many of them now come regularly. They help to swell the hunt's coffers as they are all "capped" by a band of women who do this sort of thing with a smile and a great deal of charm. Staghunting has always been a great spectator sport in this part of the world and never more so than now. As **Mr. Robin Dunn**, a point-to-pointing barrister and one of the hunt's regulars, told me: "When hounds are out, West Somerset is out too."

At Winsford Hill there were about 90 mounted: a good-sized mid-week field. There was **Mrs. E. C. Lloyd**, who has been turning out most Tuesdays for 40 seasons; **Miss Bridget Abbot**, finding the newcomers and having a welcoming word for them; **Mrs. Murphy**, the Master's wife, and his daughter **Rosemary**; also there were **Mr. Dick Carpendale**, **Mr. & Mrs. Dick Lloyd**—she was riding a showy steel grey—and their daughter, **Tessa**; **Major N. H. Hambro** on a liver-shaking bay, **Comdr. John Bisgood**,



Left: *Tim Lloyd with his father Mr. Dick Lloyd.*
Below: *Miss Anne Goldsworthy and Miss Jean Forbes*



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN ILLAN

Schoolmaster Mr. Jimmie Connel with (on foot) Mr. E. F. Lamacraft

and Mr. Darby Haddon who has bought part of the late Earl Fortescue's place. Mr. Haddon is one of those men who doesn't allow hunting to interfere with business and vice versa. Last season I wrote about his catching a plane from Chicago to make a certain meet of the Heythrop. With the Devon & Somerset he's got the reputation of doing a day's work before getting on his horse for an 11 a.m. meet. Not all followers with a job of work to do can arrange their business commitments so neatly. Currently missing from the field is London's Lord Mayor and the hunt's chairman, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen. "But he'll be back, he's very keen," they were saying confidently. It was an active day with a good deal of galloping up and down rolling Exmoor (there can scarcely be a better way of getting fit for would-be Lord Mayors) and a kill 3 hours 40 minutes after moving off from the meet. Afterwards I had tea in Exford. What a hunting village that is! Horses' heads over half-doors in every direction. Some people move not only themselves but their horses down to Somer-

set this time of year. Capt. Ronnie Wallace of the Heythrop had the most splendid arrival of all. His pack of otterhounds came, too.

A SOMERSET COMING-OUT

Somerset horses have never had it so good: they even met the guests when the Hon. Mrs. Kidd, Lord Beaverbrook's daughter, gave a coming-out dance for her daughter, Jane, at Auton Dolwells, her home near Milverton. (Pictures on page 26.) The stableyard twinkled with fairy lights and guests went from box to box to meet the family show jumpers. Sugar meant for the coffee was happily devoured by the Hanoverian stallion, Maple Duo. "All those heads out over half-doors—I'd love to know what they're thinking," Col. Mike Ansell said to me. Then there were the guests who boxed themselves and their horses to the ball after an afternoon of show jumping. This strangely provided no problem, not in Somerset. Horses were sent to the upper stable yard, riders to join

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



AUTUMN BRIDE IN GLASTONBURY

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

friends' house parties, and horse boxes to a field ("plenty of room for turning"). This was a deb dance with a difference. Mrs. Kidd turned the lofty indoor riding school into a ballroom and it was done with great artistic flair, draped completely in candy-striped blue and white lawn with massive arrangements of flowers in rich ruby red or bright citrus yellow. A trellised divide entwined with flowers cut off the supper room at one end. But the really wonderful thing about turning the riding school into a ballroom was that the floor had such a tremendous spring! There was a great collection of show jumping talent headed by Mr. David Broome and his sister Elizabeth, and Miss Althea Roger-Smith, a pretty girl who is quickly making a name for herself in the jumping world. Incidentally Mr. Broome is the latest of the show jumpers to write a book. It was published last week. Down in the tack room which had been turned into an oyster bar for the evening I saw Mr. & Mrs. Evelyn Waugh. Sitting round on tack boxes covered with horse rugs were Viscount Hinchinbrooke, Miss Rosemary Pyman, Miss Virginia Richards, Capt. Lord Chetwode and Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Bunn. Also taking the weight off their feet were Jane's godparents, Mrs. Sheila Wickham and Mr. Tony Bartley, the film director. She had taken charge of invitations, he managed transport. Indeed, if you were really proficient and quick-thinking in the party line Mrs. Kidd had no qualms about handing you a job. Dr. Chris Bartley questioned

the fire-fighting equipment and he was promptly put in charge of it! Champagne was being served in the feed room to Lady Edith Foxwell and her daughter Zia, Mr. Nigel Elwes, Mr. Edward du Cann, M.P., and Lady Jeanne Campbell—she's Mrs. Kidd's elder daughter—who had flown home from New York for the party. Something seemed to be happening all the time and it became difficult to keep up. Sometime after 2 a.m. there was an enormous splash in the swimming pool; Miss Sheila Lowther had dived in. There were shouts of encouragement from the brink but Miss Lowther said she was doing two lengths of the pool and no more. Others followed. The ball did not end until 5.40 a.m. with the host, Mr. Edward Kidd, and Mrs. Sheila Wickham and son directing the assembly of camp beds in the office, which was turned into a girls' dormitory for those who said that they were too tired for the journey home. A wonderful evening and a memorable one for Miss Jane Kidd who is starting out on a most hectic year. In November she's off to New York, then to Barbados where her parents have a house, then Switzerland in the spring and, possibly, the Sorbonne. For two years she has been in the winning European Junior Show Jumping team but her jumping is only a hobby. Next autumn she goes to Bristol University to do science. That is her real interest.

PICTURES AT A WEDDING

It was a very social week in Somerset. On the Saturday there was the wedding in St. John

the Baptist Church, Glastonbury, of Mr. Timothy Hodder-Williams and Miss Mary Acland-Hood. This brought friends and relations from far and wide, among them Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Hodder-Williams, the Hon. Audrey Acland-Hood, Sir Henry & Lady Imbert-Terry, Mr. John & Lady Elizabeth Luttrell—home on leave from Arabia—and Mr. John Biggs-Davison, M.P., & Mrs. Biggs-Davison. There was an alert and smartly turned out bridal retinue of small children. The two pages were Harry Biggs-Davison and Henry Breitmeyer and there were also three little girls, Sarah Moore, Claire Kennedy, and Miranda Welby. The reception was at Wootton House, Glastonbury, home of the bride's parents, the Hon. John & Mrs. Acland-Hood. A marquee was set up in the garden, but as it was a lovely sunny day guests quickly overflowed on to the crazy paved walks and into the garden. Among them were Lord St. Audries, Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Fox, Mr. & Mrs. George Wyndham, Capt. & Mrs. Philip Reid, Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Attenborough, Mrs. Anthony Gaskell, Lady Sheelah Greenway, Mr. & Mrs. Michael Lloyd, and Sir Hector & Lady Lethbridge. One thing the bride and groom should not lack is pictures of their wedding. So many of their relations were happily missing out on the champagne in their efforts to get just the right angle. The Hon. Maud Acland-Hood was the cleverest of the stills brigade when it came to positions, while Lord Ventry with his movie camera appeared to have missed nothing.

Mr. Timothy Hodder-Williams, his bride Miss Mary Acland-Hood, best man Mr. Julian Luttrell and bridesmaid Miss Elizabeth Acland-Hood

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

The Hon. John & Mrs. Acland-Hood, parents of the bride Miss Jenny Morris & Miss Cynthia Wynne



Miss M. Smith & Lord Ventry



Left: Mr. John & Lady Elizabeth Luttrell

Right: Miss Gay & Miss Elaine Clothier. Centre: the High Sheriff of Somerset, Major Richard Cely Trevilian

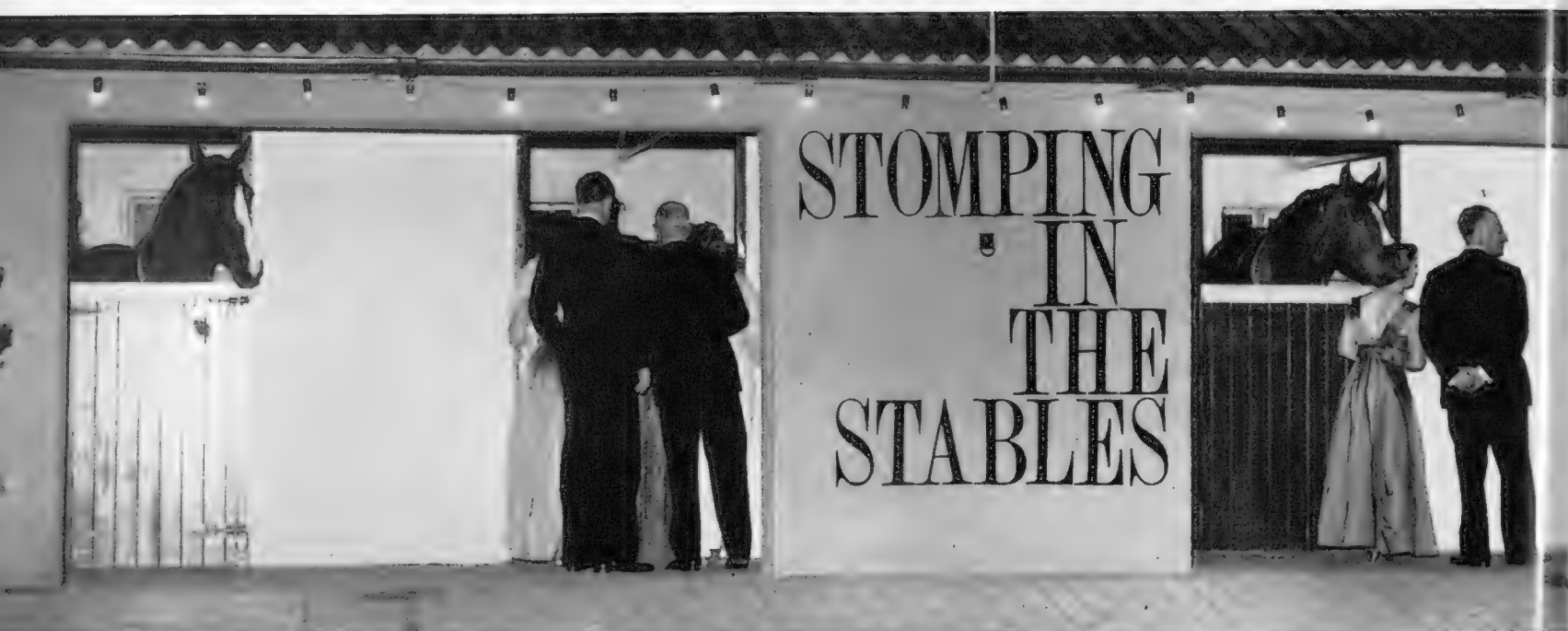


Lord St. Audries

Miss Jane Kidd with her favourite show-jumper



Stables and riding school of Mr. Edward & the Hon. Mrs. Kidd's home, Auton Dolwells, Somerset, were transformed into a ballroom and cabaret for the débutante dance Mrs. Kidd gave for their daughter Jane, who is granddaughter of Lord Beaverbrook



Mr. Edward Kidd and Lady Jeanne Campbell



Mr. Guy Corry, the Hon. Mrs. Kidd, the hostess, and Mr. Tony Bartley



Mr. John Kidd and Miss Tricia Norman

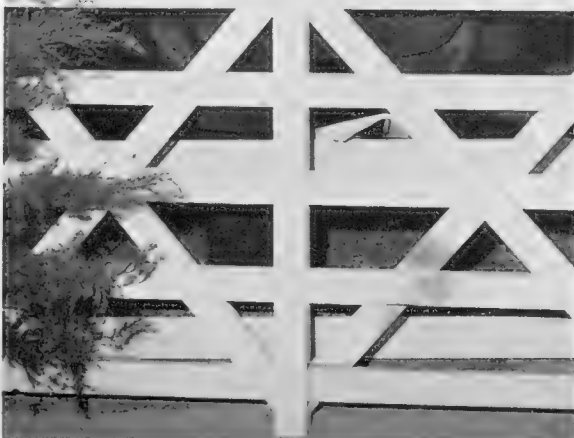


Left: Miss Theresa Fletcher eating oysters speared by Mr. Alexander Cadogan. Below: Listening to the cabaret in the riding school

Miss Georgina Shepley-Cuthbert, Mr. Bryan Norman & Miss June Marsham-Townshend



Miss Virginia Dwyer and Mr. Robert Humphries



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

In the ballroom Miss Jane Kidd with Mr. Norman Mailer the American novelist (on the right)



Miss Catherine Worrall, Mr. Alexander Villiers and Mr. J. Grayson



CALYPSO PARTY

Limbo dancers and a steel band entertained while 90 guests ate a four-course tropical meal in the garden of Mr. & Mrs. Harry Vincent's home in The Lane, which is part of St. John's Wood

Mr. Harry Vincent, the host, with Mrs. Banks Skinner



Lady Mactaggart & Mrs. Harry Vincent



Mrs. Gordon Dashwood & Mr. Arnold Hagenbach



Miss Victori Shand & Mr. Nigel Atkins



Miss Penny Skinner & Mr. Anthony Vincent, son of the hosts. Above right: Mrs. F. W. Still with Mr. & Mrs. J. Woodbridge. Food was set out on four decorated stalls



Mr. Andrew Page & Lady Sarah Curzon. Two parrots helped the décor



Lady Joseph & The Hon. David Montagu dance to the steel band

STATESMAN IN THE SUN



The place in the sun is Cap Martin, the statesman is M. Paul-Henri Spaak, former NATO Secretary-General and now Belgian Foreign Minister. His is the serenade, and the audience on the balcony of his villa comprises his nieces Catherine and Agnes and their mother Mme. Claude Spaak

STATESMAN IN THE SUN

CONTINUED



Singers in a Riviera garden (above) from left, Agnes, M. Spaak, Mme. Claude Spaak and Catherine

Beach scenes (below and right) for nieces Catherine and Agnes. State papers (below right) for uncle Paul-Henri





CONVERSATION—A LA CARTE

32 THE TATLER 4 October 1961

Consommé

Filets of plaice. Sauce Tartare

Roast Chicken à l'anglaise

New potatoes. Petits pois

Pêche Melba

Coffee

Choice of red or white wine

...old Birkenshaw's sailing a bit close to the wind

look here old boy I said
to my accountant feller
I dont pay those fees of yours

wouldnt touch them with
a barge-pole myself....

funny you mention that firm
I was talking to their chairman
the other day - Lord Epsley,
you know...

need I finish every bit?

at their age I was out
with a bat and ball

anything happen at the
office, dear?

but why not? I can
ask why not cant I?

Tomato soup
Shepherd's Pie
Fruit salad and top of
milk
Orange squash, beer,
water

Spaghetti Bolognese

Apples

Spanish Burgundy

mobiles? how nineteenth century
can you get?

I cant drop you a line
from Iceland - we're only
taking basics and a cat

but when you say God do you
mean God - or god?

better bring an extra coat :
those pavements are freezing

where does he keep his horses?

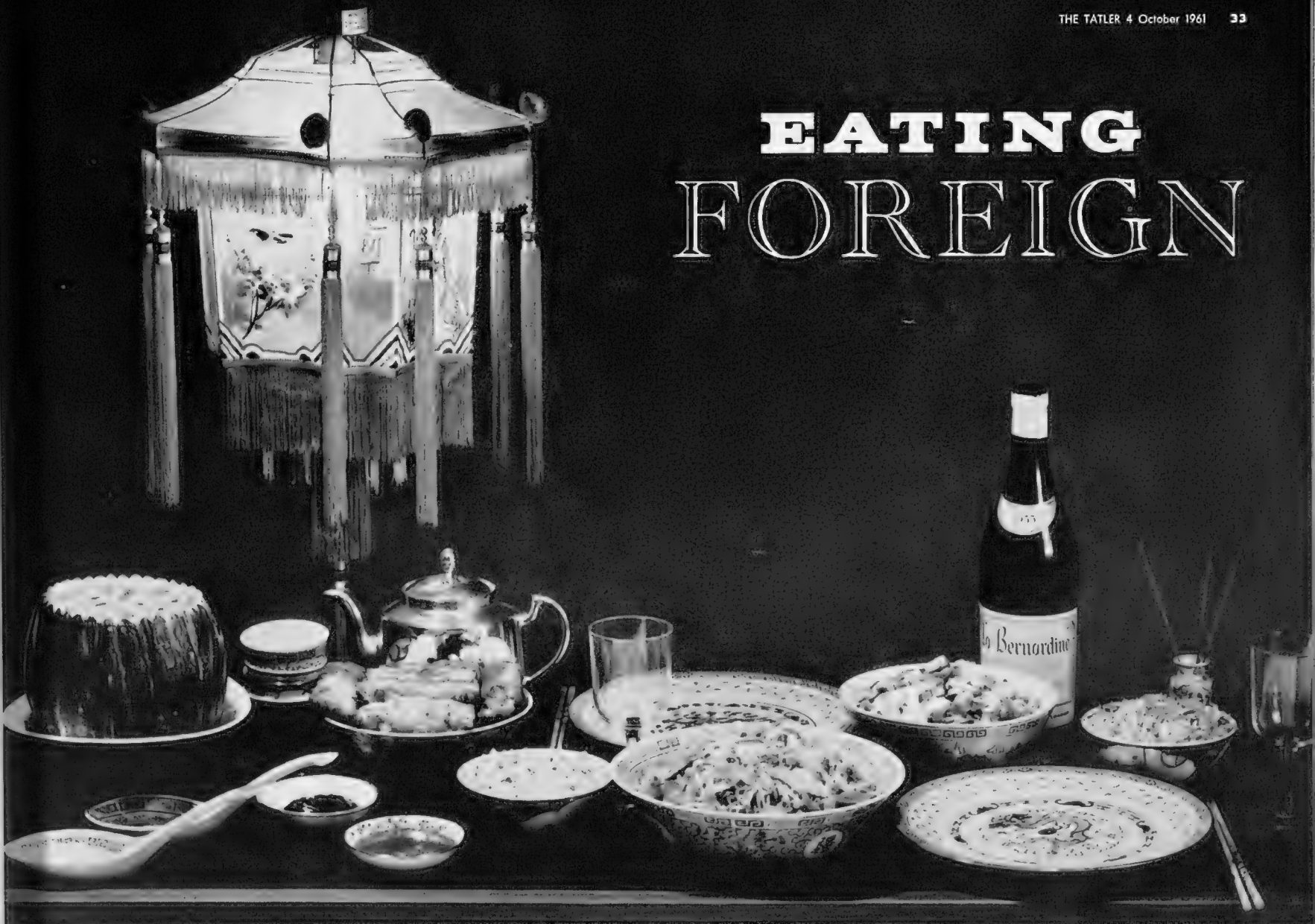
I thought she'd sent it
to Sothebys

and the oddest people : one didn't
know one of them

it's being refitted at Piraeus

Colchesters
(1947 Hospices de Beaune, Meursault, Cuvée
Loppin)
•
Turtle Soup
•
Grouse
(1928 Château Margaux, Margaux)
•
Sorbet
•
Sirloin of Scotch Beef
(1928 Chambertin, Clos de Bèze)
•
Stilton
(1929 Grands Echezeaux du domaine de la
Romanée-Conti)
•
Nuts and Apples
(1928 Château Yquem, Premier Grand Cru
Sauternes)
•
Coffee
(1928 Cognac Grande Champagne)
Liqueurs

EATING FOREIGN



Among those holiday souvenirs there's always at least one meal that stands out as an experience worth repeating. Fortunately it's possible to do that without going all the way back to Copenhagen, Hong Kong or St. Tropez. All the ingredients are to hand over here and there's advice on how to prepare them supplied on these pages by Helen Burke. The settings were devised by Ilse Gray and photographed by Barry Warner

EATING CHINESE starts in this case with a *Tomato and Egg Soup (Dan Far Tong)* made with 4 medium peeled tomatoes, cut in crescents, a small sliced white onion and 1½ pints well-seasoned chicken stock. Bring to boil and simmer 10 minutes till tomatoes are soft. Just before serving add 2 beaten eggs while stirring rapidly. *Chicken & Almonds with Mushrooms (Hung Yen Gai Dang)*: Cut 3 oz. bamboo shoots, 2 oz. mushrooms, 4 oz. onions into small pieces, fry one minute in peanut oil. Cook several minutes while adding 8 oz. skinned boned chicken pieces, salt, pinch of sugar, then ½ teaspoon cornflour blended with stock or water and a few drops of sesame oil plus dessertspoon cooking sherry. Add 4 oz. blanched almonds browned in a little oil. Serve. *Fried Rice with Shrimps (Sin Har Gai Dan Chow Fan)*: Fry a small chopped onion in peanut oil, add 6 oz. chopped shelled shrimps and a pinch of salt, cook one minute. Add a tablespoon of oil, 2 cups of cold boiled rice, stir and brown a little. Add soy sauce. Pour in 2 beaten eggs, stir till cooked; serve. *Fried Vegetables with Pork (Sub-Gum Chow Yuk Pin)*: Fry a small chopped onion for ½ minute in 2 tablespoons of peanut oil. Add 2 to 3 oz. fresh pork. Cook till brown while stirring. Add 2 seeded green peppers cut into ¾-inch strips and then diamonds, cook 2 minutes. Add 3 sliced mushrooms and 3 oz. bamboo shoots. Finally, add soy sauce and ½ pint chicken stock blended with ½ teaspoon cornflour. *Pancake Rolls (Chun Guin)*: In a tablespoon of peanut oil cook for seven minutes a finely chopped onion, stick of celery, small leek, mushroom, 2 oz. fresh pork, 2 oz. bean sprouts, pinch of salt, pepper, sugar, a little soy sauce and chicken stock. Transfer to basin, leave to cool. For batter sift 3 oz. self-raising, 1 oz. cornflour and pinch of salt. Add a beaten egg and, while beating, cold water to make a milk-like mixture. Cook pancakes one side only. Drop mixture in centre and roll. Tuck in ends and secure with beaten eggs. Cook in deep hot peanut oil till pale gold (about 4 minutes). *Melon Fruit Salad* is a mixture of melon "balls," lychees, Maraschino cherries and a little Cointreau served in a honeydew melon shell. The Fu Tong Restaurant suggests a Châteauneuf du Pape, La Bernadine (1955) and there is jasmine tea after the meal.

Food supplied by the Fu Tong Restaurant. Wine from Peter Dominic, Orange Street, W.C.2. Lamp, plates, large bowls, serving spoons and joss sticks from Hong Kong Emporium, Rupert Street, W.1 (who can also supply ingredients). Small bowls, teapot, chopsticks from the Chinese Gift Shop, New Quebec Street, W.1. Glasses from General Trading Company, Grantham Place, W.1. Table from Heals. The Fu Tong, Kensington High Street, will cook and deliver a complete Chinese meal in London area



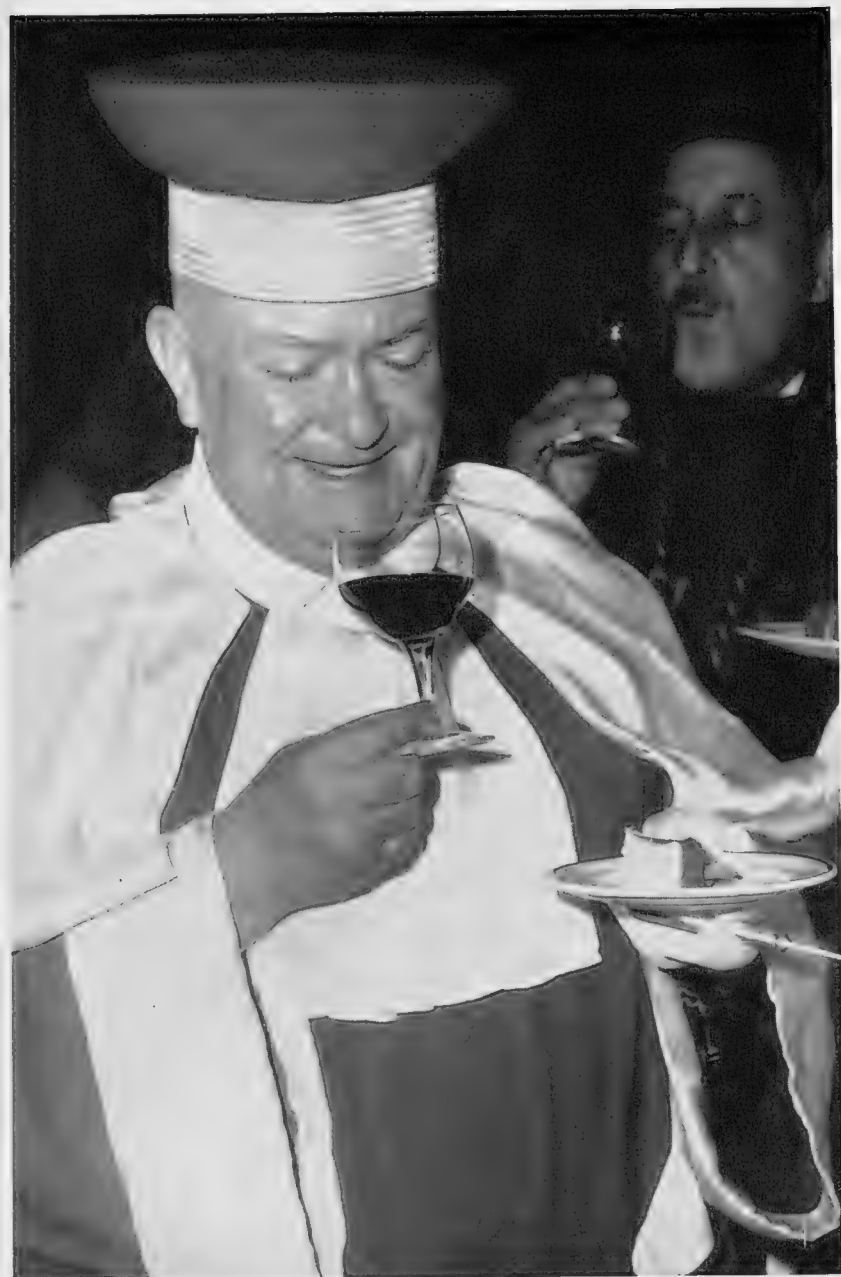
Eating Danish at midday usually means eating *Smørrebrød*—open sandwiches. There is an endless and colourful variety starting with fish ones like herring, shrimps or smoked salmon, followed by meat, egg, &c., and ending with cheese. At home they are usually served on long wooden trays and eaten with knife and fork but *Smørrebrød* is a national institution and taken to the office and on picnics in special boxes. Basis is a slice of bread (mostly rye), spread generously with butter, often there is a “bed” of lettuce. Here are some suggestions for toppings: Egg, caviare, and home-made mayonnaise; spiced pork, aspic jelly and onion rings; liver pâté, cucumber, tomato and gherkin; salami and onion rings; egg, tomato and parsley; ham, scrambled egg, tomato and parsley; shrimps, mayonnaise and lemon twist; tongue, Russian salad, cucumber and tomato twist; boiled ham, pineapple and cherry; Danish salt veal, aspic jelly, onion rings, cucumber and tomato twist. *Danish cheeses*: There are about 15 of them; the four in the photograph are Danish Blue (Danablu), Esrom—a soft rich yellow cheese, Samsøe—a golden cheese with holes, and Mycella—cousin of the blue cheese but cream and green in colour, less sharp in taste and mildly aromatic. *Danish drinks*: There is ice-cold Akvavit (schnapps), rather potent and never to be drunk on its own, and Danish lager—the famous Tuborg is also served ice-cold. With the coffee (accompanied by Danish pastries of course) you can drink Cherry Heering. Eating Danish in town after a morning’s shopping is easy, too. Just visit the Danish Food Centre in Conduit Street, W.1, where they serve *Smørrebrød* lunches. They also sell them and other Danish produce over the counter and there is a useful little leaflet giving various *Smørrebrød* fillings.

Eating French can mean elaborate last-minute preparations. To avoid this pick a menu that allows the hostess time with her guests. Start with *Consommé*. There is an excellent Crosse & Blackwell tin on the market if you have no time to make your own and you can add a little sherry and garnish. Follow with *Langue de Veau Braisée à la Bouquetière*: Some English butchers now sell larger, whiter-fleshed veal like that in France. Brown the meat in butter (and a little oil to prevent the butter burning). Add veal bones, a bouquet garni, pint each dryish white wine and hot water, salt and pepper. Cover, cook gently for two to two and a half hours. Put the veal only in a very slow oven for 15 minutes so that it will carve more easily. Meanwhile cook vegetables separately (they could include peas, beans, carrots, turnips, cauliflower flowers and potatoes). Drain, dry and turn into butter, allowing only the potatoes to brown. Carve enough for the meal. Place uncarved and carved veal on a platter, surround with groups of vegetables. To make sauce, pour off excess fat, blend a level teaspoon of arrowroot with a tablespoon of water. Stir in hot liquid and bring to boil. Add remainder, if necessary. Serve claret—Château Pontet-Canet Pauillac, 1955 is good value—follow with cheese and the *Flan au Ananas*: Drain and cut into wedges $\frac{3}{4}$ of a tin of pineapple rounds. Blend juice with 7 oz. sugar and boil for 10 minutes. Cool a little. Blend juice of one or two lemons with one rounded teaspoon of flour. Beat six eggs a little with 3 tablespoons of Kirsch, rum or brandy, vanilla essence and add the lemon and flour and the pineapple. Line a mould with caramel, pour the mixture, stand in a *bain Marie* and simmer for one hour. Place in a moderately hot oven for 10 minutes. Leave till next day, turn into serving dish.

Food and drink from the Danish Food Centre. Wooden tray, cheese board, plates, coffee pot, cups and cutlery by Dansk Designs from Liberty’s and other good stores; napkins, schnapps glasses, liqueur glasses and lager glasses, the General Trading Company. Danish teak table from Heals.

Spode Luneville dinner service on fine stone from the General Trading Company, Grantham Place, W.1. Baccarat wine glasses from Liberty’s; wooden handled cutlery, salad servers and bread baskets from Leon Jaeggi, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Wine from Peter Dominic. Round table from Heals.





M. Daniel Querre, wine expert from Château Monbousquet, at a tasting of French wines and cheeses held at the Café Royal. Right: Mr. Alfred Langenbach, immediate past-chairman of Percy Fox & Co. Ltd., and chairman Mr. Denis Stephens-Clarkson tasting at Percy Fox House. Below: Mr. Patrick Sandeman and former Lord Mayor Sir Cullum Welch, Bt., judge wine for brilliance at a "Link with Portugal" exhibition organized by George Sandeman, Ltd.



Tasting and telling

AUTUMN comes in with a thud of hooves, a warble of opera singers—and nowadays also with a tinkle and splash of wine tastings. Doubtless because of vicarious vineyard longings—no one can get very impassioned about a *hop*—we all lash ourselves into post-vintage whirls of winery. Tasting, in fact, is a Thing that One Does. But how, I asked myself the first time I slunk timidly into a cellar, does one do it? Having a soggy average intelligence heavily veneered with an expensive education, I'm helpless when unable to rush to bookshop or even pub. lib. for some handy manual to enable me to give the gaffes the go-by when planning any kind of activity. There are umpteen tomes about *wine* but not the merest monograph to tell a girl, say, not to attend a tasting in pastels unless she wants to emerge with a pointilliste effect of wine on shoes and skirt—the bounce-back of even expert expectoration being considerable. Tasting hazards are both oenological and human. What should one reply when informed, "This wine has been three years on ullage"? (I haven't a notion), and is it correct to accept an invitation to inspect a remote bin at the end of the cellar? (Only if you can easily lay hand to one of those lumpy mallet things with which bungs are bashed in and out of casks.) Here, then, are some notes for the neophyte.

The regional type of tasting takes place abroad, in cave, chai, keller, lodge, bodega or what have you—or rather whatever it is that *they* have.

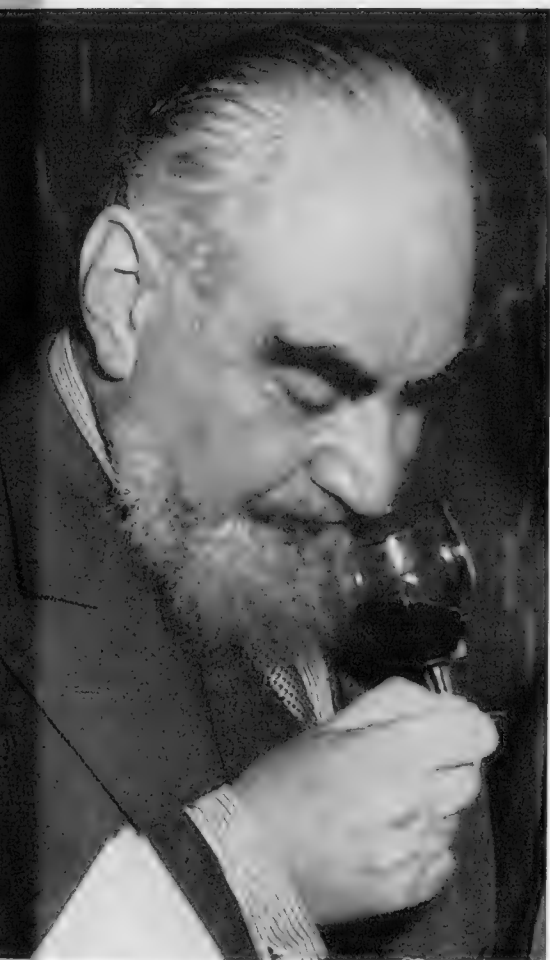
So either you've been fluently conversing in the language of the country and are by now all wound up in a cocoon of subordinate clauses, agreeing participles and subjunctives hissing after all those conjunctions one was always having to write out before Prayers, or else you're speaking that curious slow version of the English language that somehow suggests 19th-century arguments about theological dogma. Your host thrusts a thing like a gigantic ear syringe into a cask and squirts wine into your glass. You give a cautious taste, you spit—discreetly, perhaps behind a barrel. Now—you've got to say *something* and it's useless to rely on the banalities of "How nice," or "I suppose it's *meant* to taste like ink and cough mixture?" You want to give an impression of intense interest and start your host off on a long speech so that you can either get another good drink or else pour what you have away without hurting his feelings.

It depends where you are, of course. In Germany you say: "How big is that cask?" In Burgundy: "How thick are those walls?" In Bordeaux: "How many barrels (barriques if you want to show off) in this chai?" In Champagne: "How many million bottles—or miles of tunnels—or millions of bottles in miles of tunnels—in these cellars?" In Oporto: "How old is this lodge?" And in Jerez—but you'll make yourself late for three o'clock lunch if you don't get this one asked before 1 p.m.—"How *does* the solera system work?"

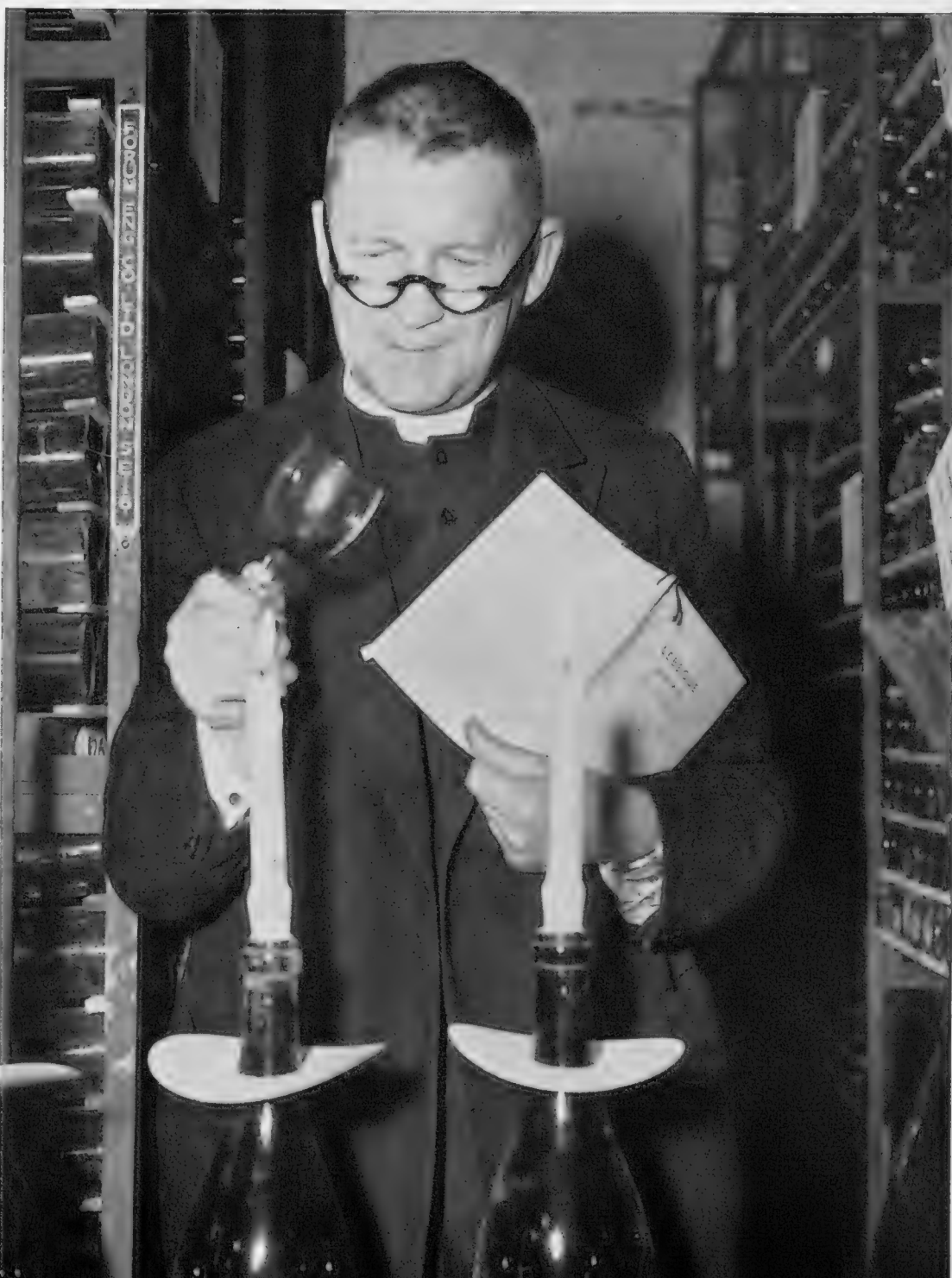
CONCLUDED ON PAGE 52



M. Aandrouet in the costume of the Confrérie National du Taste Fromage uses a tastevin (drinking cup) at a Guildhall tasting. Below: The Rev. Bruno S. James tilts a glass against the candlelight in the London Bridge cellars of J. P. L. Lebègue & Co. Ltd. This week's annual tasting at the Lebègue cellars marks the centenary of the firm



Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian inhales a bouquet at the Lebègue tasting



2,000 bottles & Beethoven

BY LORD KILBRACKEN

SOME YEARS AGO I WAS WALKING WITH MY BROTHER, at just this time of year, in the mountains of Vaucluse somewhere between Aix-en-Provence and Avignon. Rounding a rocky corner, we came to an expanse of ground, triangular in shape and perhaps three or four acres in extent, which had been painfully cultivated. The mountains rose steeply from it on all sides, but here, with much labour, the red earth had been compelled to bring forth a useful crop; it was a sudden level valley, semi-fertile, 1,000 feet or more above the prolific plain.

At the apex of the triangle we could see the white cottage, completely cut off from the world, in which—we rightly guessed—lived the owner of these hard hectares. We headed on towards it. The principal crop was grapes, and the well-tended vines stretched in dead-straight lines away from us. It was the time of the *vendange*, and harvesting, we could tell, had been in progress all day. But now the sun had fallen behind the peaks and the vineyard was empty. I began to wonder idly about the economics of viticulture, and to speculate on what kind of living could be scratched from such terrain. When we reached the cottage, we saw that the owner was standing beside it, watching us; a little later, we had fallen into conversation with him.

His name was Antonio; he was a short man, little over five-foot-four, but stout and strong, and with a cheerful round face burnt a very deep brown from his all-day, all-year travail on the land. He must have been in his late 60s. He wore rough working trousers, their turn-ups reddened with his own red clay, a collarless shirt, much-darned socks and an old pair of slippers. He was, it turned out, Italian; he had come on foot from Tuscany as a young man, he told us, working here and there but always moving on, until he reached the village below us where my brother and I were staying. Here he had fallen in love with a beautiful, slender French girl "*bien plus grande que moi*," as he put it; he had wooed her, married her, and at once settled down.

That was 40 years ago; after a decade or so he had saved enough francs to buy this property, and he had been there ever since. He was interested (and a little surprised) to learn that I, too, was a *cultivateur*, and for a while we compared notes on the respective methods and techniques employed in sun-drenched Vaucluse and rain-washed Leitrim, which could hardly have been more different. Antonio explained that his chief cash crop were the *primeurs*: the early vegetables such as artichokes and asparagus which fetched high prices on the Paris market, not to mention his cherries and his peaches.

He had a few chickens, he told me, and a goat, and half a dozen rabbits, for which he grew a small patch of lucerne. And then there were the sheep; he had grazing rights over the whole mountainside surrounding his little valley, which may well have totalled several thousand acres, but were mainly rock and crag

with only occasional patches here and there of rough and wiry herbage.

"*Regardez, monsieur*," he said, and pointed with his stick high up into the mountains, where I could just detect his flock, 1,000 feet above us. "*Il y en a une centaine. . .*" They fended for themselves all round the year, he told me; he would climb to have a look at them perhaps every week or two.

But he said nothing of his grape-crop, which occupied, quite clearly, the greater part of his holding.

It was at about this moment that his wife, Thérèse, who, we learned, had been milking the goat, appeared at the front door. The remnants of beauty were still clearly to be seen; and somehow it did not seem comical that she was a good six inches taller than her husband. What, she asked him, was he thinking of? Had he not the intention to invite the two *étrangers* to take a glass of wine? And so, a moment later, we were entering their living-room, and Antonio went off to the cellar, deep-dug in the cool earth, returning with a large label-less bottle of his own home-made white wine. It was memorable: almost without colour, and unbelievably dry, and impeccably chilled. The glasses were emptied and filled again.

"But tell me, *monsieur*," I asked. "What happens to your grape crop?" The eyebrows of Antonio were raised a full inch.

"What *happens* to it?" he said. "Evidently, we drink it."

"You drink it? Yourself and *madame*? You drink the whole harvest?"

With a laugh he assured me that this was indeed the case. Between them, he calculated, they consumed anything, depending on thirst, from five to 10 bottles a day—something in excess of 2,000 bottles a year, anyway. And, in a normal season, that was conveniently his total output.

There was now an unexpected interlude while I pondered this information. My brother had noticed an upright piano in a corner of the room and, at the third glass, asked *madame* if she played. She admitted it and, after a little persuasion, agreed to do so. Whereupon, without a score, she proceeded to play Beethoven. The only other sound, for 15 minutes, was the occasional refilling of our wineglasses.

"But we live very well, *monsieur*," said Antonio, when he came back with the second bottle. "We have the *primeurs*, we have the fruit, we have the lambs, we have the wool; they bring in, between them, the little cash we need. From time to time, I kill a sheep; we have the milk, we have the eggs. *Naturellement*, as you see, we have the wine, and it is good wine. We have Beethoven. And we have one another. What more is there, *monsieur*, that any man could need?"

I was still pondering this question as we made our way back down the mountain path to the village, rather carefully, rather circumspectly, but at the same time rather dizzily, two bottles later. I'm still not sure of the answer.

THE BIG TOPS



New coats for winter photographed by Michael Dunne

SHORT-BOBBED coat and matching skirt in curry-coloured Scottish tweed. By Spectator Sports, at Ivor Hartnell, Bond Street; McDonalds, Glasgow; Zenith, Torquay. Coat and skirt cost about £25 10s. Tan velour beret is by Pullett from R. M. Hats at Fortnum & Mason; Samuels, Manchester. Rayne's Tweedie stockings in Terylene and Nylon from Rayne, New Bond Street, 12s. 6d.

BLACK and white tweed coat with fly-fastening front and black seal collar. By Brenner at Harvey Nichols Little Shop, S.W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield & Manchester. About 15 gns. Crimson melusine hat designed by Svend at Jacques Heim, and made in England by R.M. Hats. At Debenham & Freebody; Samuels, Manchester



GREY and white tweed coat with small high collar, low broad hipline, large silver metal buttons. By Sylvia Mills at Harvey Nichols; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. About 34½ gns. Black fox cossack hat by R.M. Hats at Fortnum & Mason; Jenners, Edinburgh





Two coats that are climaxed by fur collars. Above: Saffron-coloured wool with a crossed fox collar, by Windsmoor, at Swan & Edgar, W.1; Grays, Birmingham. 26 gns., also in other colours. Washable gloves in lamb glacé by Miloré. Right: Black and tan Scottish tweed with a Spitz beaver collar by Berg of Mayfair at Harrods; McDonalds, Glasgow: Vogue, Cambridge. About 52½ gns. Brown beaver boater banded with brown satin is by R.M. Hats at Fortnum & Mason; Nola, Chester





Oatmeal lustre wool and mohair coat by Dereta has a Spitz beaver collar, short crisp cuffs. At Dickins & Jones; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Heming & Tudor, Reading. 26½ gns.

. . . and the hats to wear them with



Above: Brown and cream melusine jig-sawed into a brimless cone by Chapeaux Pierre Balmain. Made in London by R.M. Hats, and available at Fortnum & Mason. Right: Minimum of crown, maximum of brim, in old-gold velvet by Gilbert Orcel of Paris. Also made in London by R.M. Hats, and available at Liberty's, W.1



BATTERIE DE CUISINE



NEW CLUES FOR COOKS, beginning on the wall table from the left: casserole with wicker-covered built-in handles, £3 6s. 6d., from Designs of Scandinavia. Bamboo storage and spice jars, 45s. & 13s. 6d. respectively from the General Trading Company. From Liberty's new Home Idea department, Italian shopping basket in chestnut, 48s. Smooth tray in Pao Rosa wood is one of Jens Quistgaard's range for Dansk. He went to South American and African jungles for rare woods. It is £7 15s. from Libertys; Stewart Marriott, Truro; Lyktan, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Arabia jugs in three sizes, white with a cow pattern, 13s., 9s. 6d., 7s. 6d., from Woollands. Royal Worcester fireproof porcelain soufflé dish in three sizes at Heals to order: 13s. 6d., 17s. 3d., 18s. 9d. Aluminium-based Swedish pressure cooker in stainless steel by Finmar at Designs of Scandinavia, W.1; Argosy, Tenterden, £17 10s. Huge practical stainless steel roasting tin, £4 7s. 2d. from Heals. Two pint liquidizer, a streamlined attachment for the Kenwood Chef, £5 6s.

On the walls, linen tea towels, Boar's Head and Rook pie recipes exclusive to Libertys, plus the Edwardian gent—all 6s. On the wall also a set of Swedish kitchen utensils, 5½ gns. at Woollands. Cast aluminium preserving pan, £5 10s. 7d. at Heals, and from the new Dansk collection at Libertys a large Wenge wood salad bowl, £15 7s. 6d. (also at Stewart Marriott and Lyktan); American stainless steel bowls, £3 19s. 6d. at Libertys.

On the table-top stove: stainless steel Swedish saucepan with heat-resisting handle (70s. 3d. to 93s. 6d.) and cast-iron griddle pan (27s. 6d.) from a range of Swedish cast-iron casseroles. All at Woollands. Enamelled cast-iron Danish casserole, £2 13s. 9d. to £3 19s. 6d., at Heals. Storage jars in Melamine by Danasco, 22s. 9d. & 14s. 3d. at Tivoli, Brompton Road; Dicks, Winchester; Scandia, Newquay. Ladle from Prestige set of kitchen tools, 39s. 11d. at most stores.

On the main table: covered beaten copper dish lined with nickel at Libertys from £4 6s. 6d. to £6 2s. Place setting and large dish (with eggs) in brown ovenware by Danasco; plates 4s. 9d. to 9s., Primavera, S.W.1; Dicks, Winchester; Scandia, Newquay. Stilton cheese about 6s. 8d. lb. at Harrods. Glasses by Holmegaard at Ansons, Dover Street; goblet 32s., wine glass 27s. 6d., sherry glass 23s. Wine shipped by Percy Fox; Moulin-à-Vent 1957 (about 14s.), Liebfraumileh "Crown of Crowns" 1959 (about 18s.), Château Talbot 1957 (about 17s. 6d.). 10½ pint capacity ovenproof casserole at Woollands, £3 15s. Pepper mill (similar salt grinder) in Mutenye wood by Dansk at Libertys; Stewart Marriott; Lyktan, £3 15s. Mixing bowl and matching rolling pin, designed by Susan Williams-Ellis, £2 5s. 6d. and 21s. 9d. at the General Trading Company.





YES?

ERDICTS

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

The Affair. Strand Theatre. (John Clements, Alan Dobie, Dorothy Alison.)

Woes of a not-so-good Fellow

SIR CHARLES SNOW'S NOVEL, *The Affair*, DESCRIBES A CASE OF SUSPECTED injustice which rocks the closely-shut-in community of dons in a small Cambridge college much as *l'affaire Dreyfus* rocked a nation. It is settled by a compromise which gives little satisfaction to the accused Fellow whom it rehabilitates, still less to his ferociously loyal wife, and leaves two other reputations under a cloud; but the supreme advantage of this compromise is that the world outside the college hears not the faintest reverberation of an explosion which has heaved up to the surface some ugly aspects of academic nature. Mr. Ronald Millar has done a very difficult thing. He has turned this absorbing novel into an absorbing play, and audiences at the Strand Theatre—whether they have or have not met the characters before—find themselves, perhaps a little to their surprise, following a play that has little physical action with rapt attention.

Mr. Millar has so arranged the author's dialogue that it comes almost continuously across as psychological action. There seems at first no sort of reason for reopening the case of Howard, a young scientist who has been deprived of his Fellowship because he used a forged photograph to bolster up his qualifying thesis. The Court of Seniors has done its duty and has been considerably helped to do it by the circumstance that the accused is a Marxist and socially uncouth. He has made the quite incredible suggestion that the forgery must have been perpetrated by his professor, an eminent scientist now dead, who collaborated on the paper. Sir Lewis Eliot, a lawyer, once a Fellow of the college, is got at by Howard's wife in a London club, but though he has a sensitive care for justice, he learns nothing from her that suggests that this is a matter in which he should intervene. Discreet inquiries in the college over the past confirm his opinion. But then some new papers of the dead man come to light. They are by no means explicit, but they do raise the possibility that Howard may have been speaking the truth when he laid the forgery at his professor's door.

Seeds of doubt about the deprived Fellow's guilt begin to germinate in the college. The growth of a pro-Howard party takes place, and Eliot finds himself more and more in sympathy with the younger dons who are prepared to risk their careers in the interests of abstract justice. There is little suspense in the ordinary sense. We can hardly doubt that sooner or later Howard will get his case reopened. Interest is maintained chiefly by doubt as to how the alliances will form; whether the enthusiasm of the Catholic physics demonstrator who has much to lose will diminish as he has time to think things over; which way will Sir Francis go. This interest proves entirely adequate to the play's needs. As the dons, either in general discussions or private conferences, come to grips with the matter, political and moral antagonisms soon show themselves and personal hatreds and self-seeking intrigues are all found to be playing a part in deciding the question whether or not there is a prima facie case for bringing the man whose career has been broken before the Court of Seniors for a fresh examination. The casual

debates moving this way and that maintain a more or less unbroken line of meaning, largely because they pass through the mind of Sir Lewis Eliot, who has the advantage of being played by Mr. John Clements with quiet magnetism.

Mr. Millar's only departure from the original is a scene between Howard and his fiercely combative wife. It is obviously designed to show us that the accused, whose sullen awkwardness so riles some of the senior dons, is not the oaf he seems and that she is no bitch. I don't think the scene achieves its purpose. Anyway, it has the grave disadvantage of breaking the line of the debate on which the play depends for its holding force. Happily, almost at once there is the court scene of the last act to regain the broken line and indeed to strengthen it. Here Mr. Harold Scott gives us a deliciously comic episode as the old don who sleeps through the winter and emerges in the springtime to embarrass the pompous with mistakes so preposterous that they must be deliberate.

Mr. Kynaston Reeves, as the vain old Master of the college, and Mr. David Horne, as the grumpy senior tutor, quietly infuse a little needed comedy into the scene while Mr. Clements, Mr. Gerald Cross and Mr. Richard Hurndall carry on the main legal battle. It is a trial that turns out excitingly enough; yet one may venture to suggest that once it is over Mr. Millar rather overdoes loyalty to his author. The attempt to equate academic nature with human nature at large keeps up the curtain too long after it should have fallen, and ends the evening on an unnecessarily pretentious note.



HOUSTON ROGERS

Dorothy Alison and Alan Dobie in *The Affair*, Ronald Millar's adaptation of C. P. Snow's novel of donnish disputation, at the Strand Theatre

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

Come September. Director Robert Mulligan. (Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida, Sandra Dee.)

The Marriage-Go-Round. Director Walter Lang. (Susan Hayward, James Mason, Julie Newmar.)

Il Grido. Director Michelangelo Antonioni. (Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.)

Web Of Passion. Director Claude Chabrol. (Madeleine Robinson, Antonella Lualdi, Jean-Paul Belmondo.)

The Wastrel. Director Michael Cacoyannis. (Van Heflin, Ellie Lambetti, Michael Stellanor.)

La Lollo & the teenagers

WHATEVER ELSE IT DOES—AND THAT'S NOT MUCH—**Come September** at least tries, with a few Madison-Avenue-type maxims, to guide the teenaged towards the strait and narrow. "The bedroom is like a bridal gown—it's bad luck to let the groom see you in it before the wedding," it says; and "You'll do best in the marriage market if you don't give away any free samples." Things like that—which the modern miss would do well to have tattooed on some convenient part of her anatomy in place of "I love Elvis Presley" or "I'm raving for Johnnie Ray." In view of the film's efforts to raise the moral tone of the young, I'm inclined to treat its shortcomings leniently. Under the direction of Mr. Robert Mulligan, and in the role of an American multi-millionaire playboy, Mr. Rock Hudson gives a fair imitation of Mr. Cary Grant. (All the same, my advice is "If you want Mr. Cary Grant, you'd better get Mr. Cary Grant.") It has been Mr. Hudson's habit to spend every September at his Italian villa with his beautiful Roman mistress, Signorina Gina Lollobrigida (far more animated than of late)—but *this* year he arrives in July to collect her, fully expecting to find her patiently waiting for him.

The signorina is, in fact, on the point of marrying a prim Englishman (Mr. Ronald Howard)—but she has never been able to resist Mr. Hudson's charm; throwing her wedding bonnet over a windmill, she hares off with him to the villa—where a shock is in store for everybody concerned. Mr. Hudson's major-domo, smooth Mr. Walter Slezak, whom they take by surprise, has transformed the villa into the Hotel La Dolce Vista which he has long been accustomed to operate at a profit during his boss's annual 11 months' absence. Its guests at the moment are six American teenage girls, headed by Miss Sandra Dee and chaperoned by Miss Brenda de Banzie—and at its gates a pack of young American wolves, led by Mr. Bobby Darin, is baying amorously. The presence of the girls maddeningly interferes with Mr. Hudson's love-life—but as the chaperone sprains an ankle and is whisked off to hospital, he feels he must assume responsibility for their moral welfare. It is he who doles out, to Miss Dee, the admonitory aphorisms I have quoted above. Miss Dee, much impressed with them, innocently passes them on to Signorina Lollobrigida—who explodes into a fine fury. She knows now what a fool she has been to waste her time on Mr. Hudson: he has clearly never intended to marry her, since he could get what he wanted without. Her flaming row with him is bound to be followed by a reconciliation—it's that sort of film. My complaint is that it isn't followed fast enough; there's a terrible lot of to-ing and fro-ing before the inevitable happy ending is reached.

In **The Marriage-Go-Round**, James Mason and Susan Hayward, a pair of college professors happily married for 15 years, show a lamentable lack of *nous* when their home is invaded by a strapping Swedish blonde, Miss Julie Newmar, who suggests that Mr. Mason should father a child for her: with his brains and her beauty: . . . It is not as if this sort of proposition is anything new. The late Mr. George Bernard Shaw knew precisely how to deal with it—and one simply can't see why Mr. Mason could not have taken a leaf out of the old boy's book. Instead, he comes over deplorably coy—while Miss Hayward, though a university lecturer on marital relations, develops into a jealous termagant, who can think of no better way of coping with the situation than to pack her bags and go home to mother. It is all too silly—and a good deal of it is distinctly vulgar, into the bargain.

Signor Michelangelo Antonioni's **Il Grido** (*The Cry*) is a bleak, grey drama of love and frustration along the desolate-looking banks of the River Po. On the death of her husband, Signorina Alida Valli is free to marry Mr. Steve Cochran, with whom she has been living for seven years—but she no longer wishes to: she is in love with another man. Mr. Cochran, shattered, takes their six-year-old daughter and wanders off to seek happiness elsewhere. He never finds it. After brief associations with Miss Betsy Blair, to whom he was once engaged, Miss Dorian Gray, a sexy, widowed, garage proprietress, and Miss Lyn Shaw, a down-and-out prostitute, he returns wretchedly to his hometown, to throw himself at Signorina Valli's feet from—the top of a sky-scraping factory-tower. It is beautifully acted—but by no means stimulating.

M. Claude Chabrol, one of the wonder-boys of the *nouvelle vague*, uses colour to telling effect in **Web of Passion**—a somewhat lurid study of an unnervingly neurotic family living in Provence. Mlle. Madeleine Robinson gives a memorable performance as a middle-aged wife, haggard with virtue, whose weak 45-year-old husband, M. Jacques Dacqmine, has fallen madly in love with their beautiful young Italian neighbour, Signorina Antonella Lualdi. (The scenes of passion between the flabby man and the lovely young girl are prolonged to the verge of nausea.) The married couple hate each other fiercely. Their children take sides—the daughter, Mlle. Jeanne Valérie, adores her father, the unbalanced son, M. André Jocelyn (scarifyingly good), clings to his mother. M. Jean-Paul Belmondo, who has a good heart but appalling table manners, urges M. Dacqmine to leave Mlle. Robinson and escape to bliss with his mistress. The moment he decides to do this, Signorina Lualdi is murdered. Who killed her? You must find out for yourself. Though M. Chabrol's direction is somewhat self-conscious and mannered, the film is not unrewarding.

The Wastrel, on the other hand, is. A rich, drunken American, Mr. Van Heflin, and his 10-year-old son are cast into the sea when their speedboat blows up. During the seven hours it takes him to push the boy to safety on a small raft, Mr. Heflin reviews his past life (in flashbacks). Boy, oh boy! he sure deserved to drown.

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

In Memoriam, and **Jam Session**, by Sidney Bechet.

Rex Stewart & the Ellingtonians

Piano Discoveries, by Art Tatum.

At Newport, 1960, by Muddy Waters.

Dredging up some daisies

ONCE THERE WAS A SMALL AMERICAN RECORD LABEL CALLED THE HOT Record Society (H.R.S.). In 1940 they made history in the form of a superb jam session featuring Sidney Bechet and Muggsy Spanier, one of those elemental performances which suddenly brought out the best in both players. To my great embarrassment I am confronted with two albums, issued on different British labels, both of which feature this memorable session. You can choose between Riverside's **In Memoriam** (RLP138), where all eight titles appear, or Ember's **Jam Session** (EMB3330) where only seven titles are used; but Ember adds two rare tracks by Rex Stewart's Big Seven, a unit which includes several men who were working with Ellington at the same period. Like most men in a quandary, I consulted my wife on the merits of the two sets. She went for the Riverside album on the grounds of its artistic sleeve—and she may be right!

To make matters worse Riverside have issued a whole LP devoted to **Rex Stewart & the Ellingtonians** (RLP144), which includes the two tracks which Ember released. From a collector's point of view it is a pity that the ownership of the H.R.S. masters is in such confusion, but this does not obscure the fact that the quality of the material recorded under their aegis remains of lasting interest. Rex Stewart has always been one of my favourite horn players, embracing the best influences of Armstrong with a penetrating voice of his own, derived from the 10 years he spent

with Ellington. Trombonist Lawrence Brown is also in magnificent form in this group, as he is in the two odd tracks in the same album, where another Ellington-based unit is led by pianist Jimmy Jones, and Joe Thomas replaces Rex Stewart as trumpeter. By any standards this material is of outstanding interest, depicting as it does a phase when much of the best recorded jazz was made by pick-up groups of this type rather than by the established names of the period.

Off the cuff private recordings, made after hours by reputable musicians, are always suspect on various grounds, but the second volume of Art Tatum's **Piano Discoveries** (EMB3326) causes me no qualms, either in quality of recording or merit of performance. In this genuine solo context the beauty of his playing combines with an astonishingly relaxed atmosphere to present some of the best recorded piano jazz I have ever heard. His stature is increased by these posthumous releases.

A regrettable Saturday night in July, 1960, saw Newport, Rhode Island, a town torn with riots and commotions that boded the end of a series of important jazz festivals. Whilst the city elders sat in deliberation on the possible continuance of the jazz beano the following day, the Sunday afternoon concert went its way. The last man on the bill was Muddy Waters, a blues singer of no great fame, whom I had the pleasure of introducing to British audiences through the medium of the jazz section of the Leeds Musical Festival in 1958. **Muddy Waters at Newport** (NJL34) was to all intents an epitaph to that festival, and makes exceptional listening into the bargain. The typical blues accompaniment, guitar and harmonica, is enhanced by Otis Spann's piano to convey a rhythmic impetus which is rarely heard. In the light of subsequent events the epitaph need never have been written—there was another festival this year, without riots—but Muddy had the last deserving say on this historic occasion.

BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

The Mighty & Their Fall, by Ivy Compton-Burnett. (Gollancz, 16s.)

The Plastic Smile, by Rosalie Packard. (Constable, 15s.)

The Pilgrim Daughters, by Hesketh Pearson. (Heinemann, 25s.)

Nothing But The Truth, by Helen Spinola. (Gollancz, 21s.)

The Improper Bohemians, by Allen Churchill. (Cassell, 18s.)

The Water Babies, by Charles Kingsley. (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.)

Poison-cup de luxe

TO ME THE EXPERIENCE OF READING A NEW NOVEL BY MISS IVY Compton-Burnett—the latest is called **The Mighty & Their Fall**—is marvellously purging and purifying, like a stern 10 days at a health resort on carrot juice and boiled water. This one is another splendidly formal tale of deceit, greed, hidden letters, the possibility of incest, finer points of the order of precedence, frustrated love and all-round eavesdropping. As always, it is almost all in dialogue of the most exquisitely mannered kind without, as far as I can ever make out, the smallest regard for distinguishing one character's speech-habits from another's. As always, everyone in the book has a powerful command of verbal bitchery and terse, epigrammatic malice, and every word is dangerously loaded. ("Dear, dear, how you overwork your words," says the family governess tartly. "I feel quite sorry for them.") And as usual, there is a full roll-call of redoubtable and by now traditional Compton-Burnett personages—the vastly looming granny, the terrible children who talk like disenchanted but still witty octogenarians, the governess, the second wife, the detached but secretly powerful head of the house. As light entertainment, or as an *exposé* of the truth about English home life—which is maybe to say the same thing, if that's the way you look at it—I don't think Miss Compton-Burnett has an equal. But the famous compassion is something I have yet to discover, and with the best will in the world I cannot believe that Miss Compton-Burnett is writing about real people. The dialogue is superbly funny, the plot—once you get the hang of who's speaking—rattles along in a delectable fever of suspense, and the general beastliness of one character

to another is conveyed with a lip-smacking brio. But more than that—well, do you want more? I'm content it's the poison-cup as before.

Rosalie Packard's **The Plastic Smile** is light fiction too, but in a very different tone of voice. By now I thought I was perhaps the audience with whom the heroine-in-throes-of-nervous-breakdown novel was least likely to succeed, but *The Plastic Smile*, amazingly, provides a purposeless, feckless, jobless and intermittently loveless heroine who is undergoing a full analysis and makes her funny, touching, and enormously sympathetic. I am very much for Miss Packard, who has written a perfectly serious novel in a witty, even frivolous style. She also thinks Thurber should be awarded a Nobel Prize, an eminently sensible opinion I have never before seen expressed.

Briefly . . . Hesketh Pearson's **The Pilgrim Daughters** is a jolly and not at all solemn study of some of the rich American ladies who bravely brought their dollars to Europe to shore up the fortunes of the impoverished nobility; some ladies who married un noble Europeans creep in as well. I was specially fond of Anna Gould who married the impossible but rather endearing Marquis de Castellane, finally left him and was particularly charming to him on the day before her final exit, "because it was for the last time." **Nothing But The Truth** is the relentlessly chatty, ruthlessly vivacious memoirs of Helen Spinola, whose first husband was Mrs. Patrick Campbell's son. I have some doubts about whether God intended Mrs. Spinola ever to be a writer, but the book at least fully confirms my suspicion that Mrs. Pat was one of the worst-mannered women who ever lived, and contains one beautiful story of Rosa Lewis, cut by a marchioness, murmuring to herself sublimely "Me in me sinful sables—and 'er in 'er virtuous cat."

The Improper Bohemians by Allen Churchill is an enormously long and energetic account of Greenwich Village and the colourful characters who lived, suffered, rejoiced, bred and even occasionally worked there. Mr. Churchill is determined that one shall share at least some of his enthusiasm for his locale and his heroes, and one can only admire his sheer grit. And lastly, Gollancz have brought out a pretty new edition of **The Water Babies**, cut by Kathleen Lines and illustrated by Harold Jones. This to me has always been one of the most lugubrious, clinging, depressing, fishy, scaly and cold-blooded books for children in existence, but this is an opinion apparently not shared by children themselves, who lap it up eagerly, moral uplift and all.

A drawing from Miroslav Sasek's This is Venice published by W. H. Allen at 15s., seventh in his series of child's introductions to cities of the world



GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

Sidney Nolan, United States Embassy

Nolan in the States

OFTEN IN MY ENCOUNTERS WITH LEADING PAINTERS I FIND THAT THEY also have considerable talents for writing, for poetry, for music. And often I am inclined to believe that these rare men were born with built-in artistic sensibility and have become painters, rather than musicians or poets, only by chance or, at any rate, simply as a result of circumstances operating in their formative years. Sidney Nolan, whose exhibition of paintings and drawings made in the United States in 1958-1960 is now in the main foyer of the American Embassy, Grosvenor Square, could easily have become a successful writer instead of the successful painter he is. Indeed, I found the diary entries under some of his drawings much more impressive than the drawings themselves. Accompanying a trivial sketch of a car dump is this telling word-picture: "Not since leaving the carcasses of Central Australia have I been so moved by prostrate forms. Burnt, gutted, hoisted one above the other as if they were old jam tins, they dwarf the trees. . . . One day they will be dug up as Roman coins are. . . ." The Grand Canyon provokes the comment, "Stronger than the lure of the almighty dollar, is the bait of the mighty landscape."

Apart from a few little vignettes of birds and flowers (Chinese-decorative in feeling, if not in technique) the paintings in the show are devoted to this "mighty landscape." All are on paper and painted with (I understand) polyvinyl acetate, or plastic emulsion, colours in the streaky, scraped-on manner with which this Australian artist has bewitched and mystified his admirers many times before. My first reaction to them was one of surprise that the whole of America's landscape, from north to south and east to west, should lend itself so well to the Nolan technique (that technique which, I see, I described last year as "smacking too much of the contrived accident"). Then I realized that the artist had, each time, adapted the landscape to his technique and that what I was seeing was a new series of views of Nolan-land. On first acquaintance it seems a strange and improbable land but no doubt in America, especially in Arizona, Nolan did find some parallels with it in Nature. And where he could not find them, he made them. Every artist except the purely topographic one does this, and Nolan is certainly not a topographic artist. For him even the vast and imposing vistas of Utah, Kansas, Louisiana are no more than launching pads for his flights of imagination.

But when we look closely at these particular flights we find in them a paradox. They are both inspired and restricted by the technique used by the artist. This is, of course, true of all forms of "automatic painting" but it does not seem to be recognized that Nolan's method is basically "automatic painting" just as Max Ernst's *frottage* and decalomania are. (Indeed, there is a passage in one of his Arizona landscapes in which he



Bronze bust of Alice Derain from a model made by Picasso in 1905 but only cast for the first time this year after it had been found abandoned in a Paris attic. Now in a mixed exhibition at the O'Hana Gallery, Carlos Place

has used the method called decalomania—pressing the wet paint after it is on the canvas.) The literary-surrealist content of the paintings in the *Leda & the swan* and the *Gallipoli* series diverts most people's attention from this "automatism." But it is there, and by looking at these American landscapes, which are completely free of literary associations, we see to what extent the "surreal" quality in Nolan's work derives directly from a technical trick, or tricks.

They confirm a suspicion I have not previously put into words but which I have felt frequently when, coming face to face with a Nolan *Swan* or *Mythrider*, my first reaction was to ask "How is it done?" It is the suspicion that the artist is no longer complete master of the technique, that the technique is becoming the master of the artist.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

The old pals tasting is generally a holiday aftermath by people anxious to re-create all that dance, song and sunburnt mirth of Abroad. It's recognizable by the masses of bottles, all of which one is supposed to sample, so ponder first whether you really *want* to turn your stomach into a kind of Regency punch bowl. One hospitable soul once wrote to me saying she had 17 different wines for a tasting party, sherries, ports, liqueurs and red and white table wines. There was a different regional food to go with each one, but she was doubtful about the *Château Yquem*—should it be crystallized fruits? I sent her a telegram saying it should be Alka Seltzer and have stayed away from such affairs ever since.

The study group tasting is the kind at which people are portentous about vintages and "*crûs*" and decide whether they should lay down three bottles of Spanish Burgundy and two of Chianti or the other way round. One is battered by the famed British modesty of prefacing opinions with, "Of course, I don't really know anything about it, *BUT*—" and the names of A. Simon, C. Ray, R. Postgate and W. Allen are bandied about, seasoned lightly with references to individual wine merchants. The occasion calls for nerves of iron, wits of steel and a dominating tone, otherwise you become so depressed at what a lot everyone else knows that you long to rush away and get pie-eyed on Great-Aunt Matilda's elderberry cordial. As a start, make straight for the bottles at the end of the line. They're likely to be the wines you can't afford anyway and you can have a peaceful beaker or two while the throng is chattering about the ever-so-interesting little bourgeois growths at the beginning. Then, be *bold*, as dear Joyce Grenfell used to say when telling us how to make boutonnières out of beech-nut husks. Don't palter with references to the mere *fry* of the wine trade, toss in growers and shippers—you can get their names out of the trade papers—and mug up a phrase or two from their vintage reports. If someone thoughtlessly caps your story of visiting some obscure property by mentioning they went there this year, you've only to say indulgently, "Ah, since they've replanted, of course." In fact, indulge in a deliciously egocentric outburst—everyone will be doing the same and you can glean all sorts of gambits for next time by listening to them. (I'm pining to bring forth the gem, "A preponderance of old vines," which I culled from an erudite outburst, but to date the psychologically right second hasn't presented itself.)

The professional tasting I have left till last because in a candlelit cellar it is so glamorous that the most mundane man tends to look like something off the dustcover of one of those historical novels that one is slightly ashamed of liking, but wallows in after 'flu. This tasting is awesomely restrained; the abstracted hauteur with which the authorities go about it implies that their minds are preoccupied with Han porcelain, Kierkegaard, or the legal reforms of Henry II rather than with anything as vulgar as *drink*. Practise polite comments such as "Interesting," "Indeed!" or even "Ho hum," and you will get by, though it's tactful, too, to make any notes either in Cyrillic script or Serbo-Croat slang, in case your host looks over your shoulder and sees "Horsetrough and hair-oil" alongside some cherished vintage.

If asked point blank what you think of a wine, don't panic. Just say coolly, "Now when was it bottled?" Ten to one the other person will reply, "So you noticed too?" and embark on a long speech about bottle age, incidentally giving you clues as to whether he thinks the particular wine is good or bad. But never commit yourself—someone once rushed at me and told me a wine had 12 degrees of sugar, and I'd gushed "How marvellous!" before I realized I should have deplored the circumstance. A bold "Really!" and an encouraging expression would have got me out of that one. Shun all expressions of your personal opinion; I once heard a well-known wine authority utter a pæan of praise to a grower about a bottle that had just been removed from the tasting because it was fermenting. And be graceful about getting in early to the buffet—say "My palate gets tired after eight or 10 wines," rather than stress that your stomach is uttering arpeggios indicative of hunger and thirst.

Finally, if someone suggests your going back to his office later for a brandy—or even more champagne—you're on your own. But I admit, girls, to a doubt whether the underlying idea is to sell you wine. Of course you can always go and see. Hope, and all sorts of other things too, for that matter, springs eternal.

At the Lebègue tasting. Above: Doyen of wine experts M. André Simon. Below: Baron Elie de Rothschild judges a Bordeaux for colour



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BRUSH-OFF

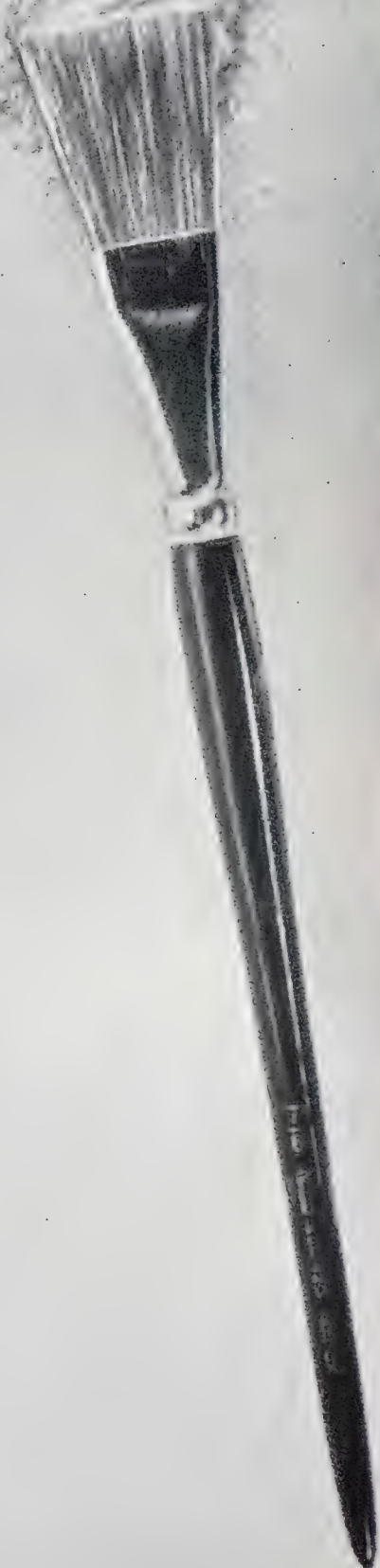
The brush-off above represents the one way to get good powder coverage - press lots on with a puff of cotton wool, then brush it off with a soft brush like the one made by Lancôme in soft spun perlon.

Eye lining needs a sure hand, the pointiest brush possible. Like a Chinese one which slopes off to pin thinness and comes with a built-in guard to protect the end (2s. 3d. from Lechetier Barbe, Jermyn Street). One good reason for using a brush instead of a pencil on the fragile skin on the lid is that it doesn't scratch or irritate the skin. Try a dark brown or grey eyeshadow to shape the lids - it goes on evenly, easily. Then set the band of colour with a brushing of powder to hold it.

Brushwork on the lips is the only way to a pretty mouth. Use short, feather-thin strokes to outline lips; fill in with a brush too. Technique of making lips shapely with an outer band of slightly darker colour is worth trying for a faltering lipline. One formula: Lenthéric's Honeychild edging Stendahl's G6. Well worth trying if you have an allergic reaction to lipstick is a preliminary brush-on with Helena Rubinstein's protective barrier (8s. 6d.)

Leichner who specialise in theatrical make-up know all the tricks of brush usage. A twist from the stage is to use the flattened brush to apply eye liner, the slightly shaped wooden end to give the lips a neat outline. They make, too, a big brush (sold as an eyebrow brush) with four rows of tufts which makes applying mascara easy. It can be used to brush eyebrows upwards when reshaping them. Brush note: wash in warm soapy water but if you want to keep them perfect use carbon tetrachloride from the chemists

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY WARNER



MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

The rocketing Minis

FROM THE MOMENT THE MORRIS MINI-MINOR AND ITS AUSTIN COMPANION were released, people began to devise ways of making them go even faster and soon they were making rings round much larger cars in production car races. Now the B.M.C. have taken a hand themselves, utilizing the experience gained by Cooper cars in modifying Morris Minor engines for Formula Junior racing cars. The new high performance models just added to the Mini range are therefore called the Morris Mini-Cooper and the Austin Seven Cooper. Engine size has been increased from 848 c.c. to 997—appreciably higher than that of the Morris Minor, Austin Healey Sprite and M.G. Midget. A new cylinder head, similar to that of the Sprite and Midget, is added, with two carburettors, and presto, you have a 55 horse power Mini that does nearly 90 m.p.h. Compression ratio is raised, but the engine will still run quite successfully on normal premium grade fuel. As this is a car for the keen driver who uses his gearbox, a new remote control gear lever has been designed, standing close to the driving seat. And to enable this quite high performance to be used safely, there are now Lockheed disc brakes on the front wheels.

In the crowded conditions on British roads it is difficult to imagine how anything is going to keep up with these new hot Minis. The surge of power from the new engine, coupled with their nimble ability to exploit every gap in the traffic, is going to put them among the fastest things on wheels from point to point. I saw maximum speeds of 30 on the speedometer in first, 40 in second, and 70 in third. On quite a short straight I reached 83 in top, but I am told that given a longer run they will touch 87. These little rockets rush from a standstill to 50 m.p.h. in 12.8 seconds and to 60 m.p.h. in 18.5 seconds. The brakes are magnificent and easily bring them to a swift stop from high speeds.

But what is all this extra performance going to cost in fuel consumption? The unmodified Mini which I have driven for over 20,000 miles has averaged a steady 44 m.p.g. driven to the limits of its performance. (And, incidentally, the original four tyres still have some tread on them after 22,000 miles, while the spare lies new and unused in the trunk). One would not expect to attain this figure at higher speeds, but the makers claim the new model is just as economical at the same average speeds, and if the full performance is used, it should do about 35-40 m.p.g. The new remote control gear lever works beautifully, though it is still possible to override the synchromesh during quick changes and there is still no synchromesh on first gear. Interior trim and finish is much better than anything seen on Minis hitherto. I had personal reservations about the embossed gold pattern on the new upholstery, and door trim, and there is still a need for firmer support in the small of the back, but the general presentation is now worthy of the mechanical design. There are new dual colour schemes with new plated grilles and plated frames for the top half of the doors. The seat cushions are larger and metal levers replace the lengths of wire used to work the door latches. A new oval instrument panel contains oil pressure gauge and thermometer grouped round the central speedometer, which also incorporates the fuel gauge and usual warning lights.

For buyers who want the extra finish without the higher performance there are new Super versions of the normal Mini and Austin Seven. These have the new trim but not the remote control gear lever, and their radiator grilles are different. Both Austin and Morris grilles for these models are in polished bright metal, but the Austin models still seem to get the best of the deal. In the standard and de luxe range, Austin buyers have had bright grilles while Morris buyers had to make do with painted grilles which quickly flaked and rusted. Now the Austin Cooper and Austin Super have extra tubular extensions on their bumpers which are not on the Morris versions. At my latest count there are now 15 different Mini versions and there are more to come!

Top and centre: the Morris Mini-Cooper—geared for the keen driver. Left: the Austin Seven Super—finished in duo-tone with sound deadening and new upholstery

ROSES & ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

Preparing for winter

THIS IS THE TIME OF THE YEAR WHEN MY GARDEN HEDGEHOGS, AFTER feeding on bread and milk throughout the summer, are beginning to feel sleepy and to think of a snuggery for snoozing. The robin, in his Burlington Arcade waistcoat, takes a closer interest in the digging operations, while he whistles his plaintive *Nunc Dimittis* for the departing summer and autumn. It is high time for late autumn work among the roses.

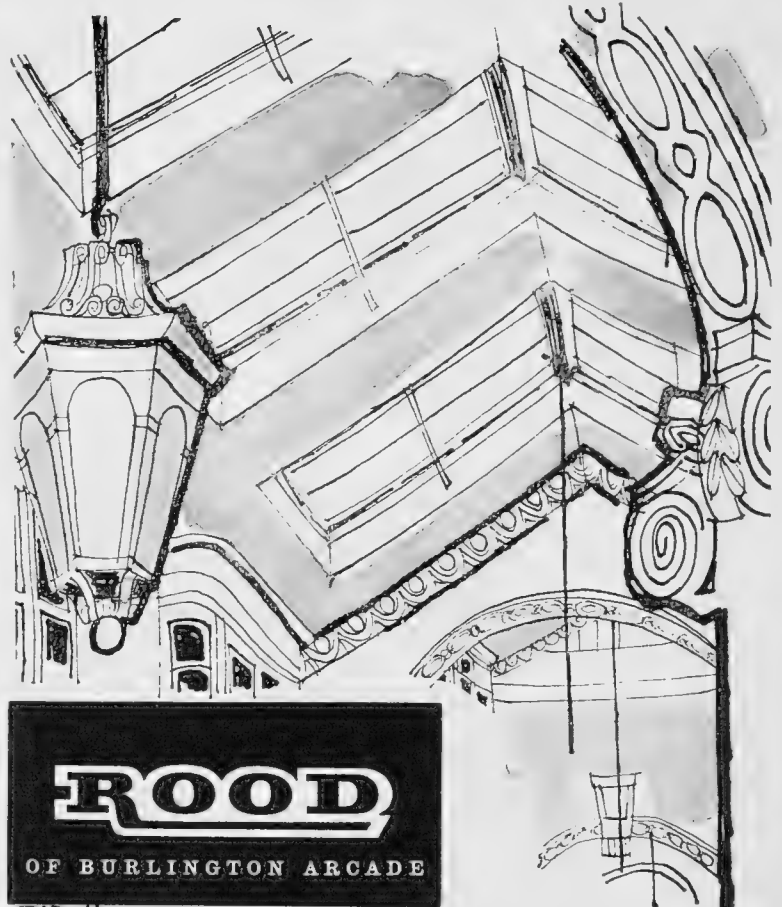
One of the first tasks should be to prune the rambler roses, which, unlike other roses, must be pruned between September and October. The principle of pruning ramblers, i.e. *Excelsa*, *Dorothy Perkins* and *Sander's White Rambler*, etc., is simply to cut out the old wood—those shoots which have flowered during the preceding summer; they are now of no value to the rose which keeps itself constantly renewed by the throwing up of new shoots. So the old shoots are to be cut off to ground level and the new tied in their place. A warm day is good for doing this and I like to cut all the ties of my ramblers and shake them loose before pruning begins. If the ramblers have failed to make the six or seven new shoots needed for a properly shaped tree, it will be necessary to utilize a few of the newer growths springing from old wood, cutting the old wood away up to the point from which the new wood begins. The cutting point is slightly above the junction. Growth obtained this way are then tied in, along with those springing from the base of the tree. Tie the strongest shoots first and finally the smaller ones. Small weak shoots can be removed altogether. Shoots should be evenly spaced in a fan shape. If the rose is trained against a pillar, then, of course, the new growths are tied in such a manner—at the sides, back and front—as to ensure an even distribution all round, and roses on pergolas and arches are treated in a similar way, carrying the longer shoots along the top, also with evenly spaced ties. Never tie in too tightly. I like to freshen up my newly tied ramblers by a light spraying with Jeyes Fluid, and I complete the operation by forking in bonemeal or basic slag—after the ground below has been cleaned of all cuttings and old leaves.

If ramblers have been affected by die-back, i.e. the yellowing and turning black of shoots, this is the time to cut them back to healthy green wood, or to the ground if the whole shoot has been affected; such trees must now be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture.

Another job in the rose garden at this time is to deal with the long, soft growths of new wood produced by such vigorous varieties as *Peace* and *Hugh Dickson*. These long whippy shoots should be shortened, as they will not ripen before the winter, and if left on are certain to be damaged by wind or frost. Tipping should be avoided when pruning ramblers as it encourages growth at the wrong end of the year.



Sander's White—the best of the white rambler roses

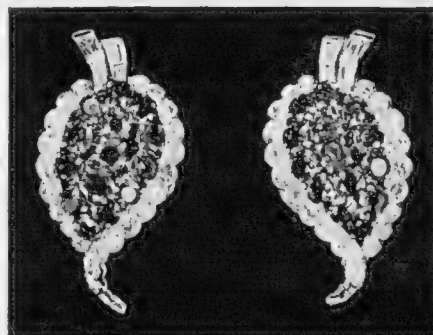


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DINING IN

Helen Burke

THE SEASON OF CORN-ON-THE-COB, NOW OVER, HAS BEEN A DISAPPOINTING one. Seldom did I find any—even at the enormous price of 2s. each—which were worth having. Fortunately sweet corn in cans is available all the year round. Apart from potatoes, and perhaps spinach, it is the one vegetable which goes well with all white fish, and that enhances any vegetable or clear soup. And now a new brand has been imported from the United States. Readers of American magazines have for long have been familiar with "Green Giant" vegetables. It is this same brand's Niblets and Mexicorn which have recently arrived. Either, gently heated with a knob of butter and seasoned with salt and pepper makes a delicious dish on its own and both can advantageously be combined with many other foods. Niblets are plain sweet corn kernels; Mexicorn is corn kernels with the addition of green and red sweet peppers, in perfect harmony.

Recipes for sweet corn dishes have been created by James A. Beard, one of America's leading authorities on good food, and the author of numerous cookbooks. I have tried these dishes and hope you will like them as much as I did. Among them is CORN AUX CHAMPIGNONS (for 6). Cook two tablespoons of chopped onions and two-thirds of a cup of chopped mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes or until tender.

Now add a drained can of Niblets and heat through while gently tossing the mixture. Finally, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream and seasoning to taste. Warm over a low heat. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve. Another is CORN SAUTÉ ITALIENNE (for 4 to 5). Sauté 3 finely chopped cloves of garlic in 6 tablespoons oil until lightly coloured. Add a drained can of Niblets, a teaspoon of chopped basil and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of salt and pepper. Toss well to blend together. Sprinkle with one-third cup of grated Parmesan cheese and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sesame seeds and cook until the

Corn is what you make it


cheese is melted. Garnish with chopped parsley and serve hot. WESTERN CORN PUDDING (for 4 to 5). Mix together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each bread-crumbs and double cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each salt and freshly milled pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced toasted almonds, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cans of Niblets and 2 eggs. Turn the mixture into a buttered shallow oven-dish. Cut 4 slices of Swiss cheese in strips and place them on top. Cover them with 4 slices of bacon. Bake at 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4 for 20 to 25 minutes or until the bacon is fairly crisp.

For SEA ISLAND SALAD (for 4 to 5). Flake a small can of tunny fish. Combine with 2 tablespoons of grated onion, 3 tablespoons of chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons of any favourite pickle relish, a can of the whole kernel corn and two-thirds of a cup of mayonnaise. Arrange this mixture on a bed of lettuce and garnish with olives and slices of hard-boiled eggs.

Sweet corn goes as well with shellfish as with white fish, as in these next two recipes.

CORN-PRAWN CHOWDER (for 4 to 6). Cut 2 rashers of bacon into strips and fry them until cooked but not crisp. Remove the bacon. Sauté 2 tablespoons of finely chopped onion in the same pan. Add to the bacon, together with 1 oz. butter, a can of the whole kernel corn and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shelled prawns. Add 2 cups of double cream, a pinch of thyme and salt and pepper to taste. Bring to the boil and serve. JAMAICAN PEPPERS (for 6). Cut 6 sweet peppers lengthwise and remove the core and seeds. Finely chop 2 other peppers and mix them with a chopped medium-sized onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley, 12 coarsely chopped shelled prawns and a can of Mexicorn. Toss all together in a well-seasoned vinaigrette sauce.

Fill the peppers with the mixture, arrange on a bed of lettuce and garnish with several whole shelled prawns.


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Weddings

Hanson—Carey: Jacqueline Christine, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Hanson, was married to Martin David, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Carey, of Crescent Place, Kensington, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



TOM HUSTLER



PEARL FREEMAN

YVONNE

Orme—Hoare: Jane, daughter of Mr. Daniel Orme of Ipplepen, Devon, and Mrs. J. Orme, of Cambridge, was married to Peter Richard David, son of Sir Peter Hoare, Bt., and Lady Hoare, of Luscombe Castle, Dawlish, at St. Mary's, Totnes



VANDYK

Engagements

Miss Elizabeth Humphreys to Major Bernard Blackborow: *She* is the daughter of Commander L. A. & Mrs. Humphreys, of Elm Lodge, Biddestone, Wiltshire. *He* is the son of the late Mr. H. S. & Mrs. Blackborow, of Kingswear, Devon



Miss Jane Clarkson to Mr. Michael Rowse: *She* is the daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Clarkson & Mrs. M. R. Clarkson, of Northfield, Minehead, Somerset. *He* is the son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. V. E. Rowse of Pine House, Batheaston, Somerset



Miss Erin Anne O'Connor to Mr. J. R. H. Arundell: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. O'Connor, of Airlie Street, Perth, Western Australia. *He* is the son of Brigadier Sir Robert Arundell, K.C.M.G., & Lady Arundell, North Tawton, Devon



Miss Patricia Madeleine Hughes D'Aeth to Mr. William Richard Neville Ladds: *She* is the daughter of the Rev. & Mrs. N. Hughes D'Aeth, of Bracknell, Berks. *He* is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. G. W. V. Ladds, of Exton, Somerset

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. P. Neate and
Miss M. T. Hughes**

The engagement is announced between Paul, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Neate, of The Spinney, Boxmoor, Hertfordshire, and Maureen Theresa, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. Hughes, of Wessex House, Weymouth, Dorset.

**Mr. A. N. Campbell-Harris and
Miss Z. C. Harrison**

The engagement is announced between Alistair Neil, son of Major and Mrs. A. E. Campbell-Harris, of 52, Eaton Mews North, S.W.1, and Zara Carolyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harrison, of Wychnor Park, Burton-upon-Trent, Staffordshire.

**Mr. J. M. Francis and
Miss A. R. M. Fosbroke-Hobbes**

The engagement is announced between Jeremy Montgomery Francis, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Francis, of Bagshot, Surrey, and Anna Ruth Margaret Fosbroke-Hobbes, youngest daughter of the late Major A. W. Fosbroke-Hobbes, M.C., 3rd The King's Own Hussars, and Mrs. Fosbroke-Hobbes, of Ferndale Cottage, Ascot, Berkshire.

**Mr. D. M. L. Bolt and
Miss L. V. O'H. Hibbert**

The engagement is announced between David Michael Langstone, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. W. Bolt and the late Mrs. Bolt, of 149 Cromwell Road, S.W.5, and Louise Virginia O'Hara, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. S. E. Hibbert, of Parham House, Alresford, Hampshire.

**Mr. J. N. H. Stansbie and
Miss J. R. Preston**

The engagement is announced between John Nelson Hounslow, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Stansbie, of Inverlune, Lancaster, and Julia Rachel, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Preston, of Squirrel Chase, Haverbreaks, Lancaster.

**The Rev. J. P. McM. Sweet and
Miss M. V. Trotman-Dickenson**

The engagement is announced between John Philip McMurdo, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. McM. Sweet, of Tylehurst Lodge, Sion Hill, Bath, and Mary Violet, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Trotman-Dickenson, of Beauworth, Alresford, Hampshire.

**Mr. P. J. Glendinning and
Miss E. S. A. Cooper**

The engagement is announced between Peter James, son of Mr. H. W. Glendinning, of Berkhamsted, and Mrs. Wynn Houghton, of Nether Stowey, Somerset, and Sally Ann, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper, of Bullbeggars, Berkhamsted, Herts.

**Captain P. C. Greenwood and
Miss R. D. Gurney**

The engagement is announced between Captain Paul Carwithen Greenwood, The Rifle Brigade, son of the late Mr. W. E. C. Greenwood and of Mrs. Greenwood, Beech House, Marlow, and Richenda Dawn, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. C. H. Gurney, Higham Lodge, Stratford St. Mary, Suffolk.

**Mr. D. W. Ratcliff and
Miss G. M. Henley Price**

The engagement is announced between David William, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ratcliff, 15 Mandeville Road, Canterbury, and Gillian Mary, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Henley Price, Wildwood, Sturry, Kent.

**Mr. J. R. S. Butler and
Miss G. A. Daborn**

The engagement is announced between James, son of Mrs. J. Price Jones, of Rydal Mount, Heath Road, Weybridge, and Gillian, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Daborn, of 5 Ashley Drive, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.

**Mr. P. W. Carpenter and
Miss P. M. Clark**

The engagement is announced between Peter Wheeler, son of Mrs. Margaret B. Carpenter, of Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, and the late Mr. N. H. Carpenter, and Patricia Mary, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Clark, Holmwood Lodge, North Holmwood, Surrey.

MARRIAGE

**Mr. D. A. Bridgeman and
Miss P. R. Firth**

The marriage took place on September 20th at the Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, of Mr. David Archer Bridgeman, R.A.F., son of Mr. and the late Mrs. T. P. Bridgeman, of Kensington, London, and Miss Pamela Raie Firth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Firth, of Hong Kong.

A reception was held at the Mark Hopkins Hotel and the honeymoon is being spent at Monterey, California, and touring the United States.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line.



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MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Getting ahead, fashionwise

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC CHANGES IN MEN'S CLOTHING SINCE THE WAR has been in hats. Recently the Hatters' Information Centre launched a new style with a press show at the Savoy, and it was almost more interesting to see a parade of the styles that were popular just after the war, when the hatters, in common with the rest of the men's clothing industry, picked up precisely where they had left off in 1939. The war influenced clothing design in some ways—most of them rather unconstructive ones, like the duffle coat and British Warm—but no such influence came to the hat trade. Top-heavy homburgs, high, bulbous bowlers worn well down over the ears, caps fastening to the peak with a press-stud, wide-brimmed trilbys—this seemed to be the public taste, and the hatters supplied what was wanted. Then, in the early 50's, a new movement began; a style revolution took place. Some gay blade with an Edwardian suit (worn before anyone had heard of Teddy-boys) demanded a narrower, curlier brim on his bowler. A hatter came up with the flatter, "platypus" cap. Slowly, fashion became an increasingly strong selling factor—a hat wasn't just something to put on your head where you couldn't see it. People began to realize that their hats were seen by others.

To their credit, the hatters, once alerted, were not slow to act. A stream of ideas for new hat styles have come from them over the past five years. Some have been acceptable, like the Robin Hood; and the Delta swept to a wide success, first through the younger man, who may have been softened up by the extensive advertising promoted by the hatters—"if you want to get ahead, get a hat." These styles were a little startling at the time, but today the more formal Delta is in the wardrobe of almost every hat wearer. The hatters wish they were in every wardrobe—period. And on every male head. But there has been a considerable increase in hat-wearers. Last year the Tyrolean "Alpine" hat was promoted, with a close, tightly curled brim, brightly coloured rough

felt finish and feather and plume mounts. So exuberant were some of the mounts, that boots, alpenstocks, pitons, crampons and badger shaving brushes could be expected almost any minute. However, sales went up last year they were 20 per cent ahead of 1959 and summer hats this year sold twice as well as in 1960.

A lot of the credit is shared with the American hat industry. If a girl sees a flattish-crowned pork pie with a puggaree band, she'll more likely call it a Frank Sinatra hat—so much for the power of receding sleeves and the cinema. And a lot of the hats in British shops would not look out of place on a Madison Avenue executive in a Brooks Brothers suit. If there is a purely British hat, it's still the bowler—apparently native to these isles; the only foreign heads I've seen wearing them belonged to Parisian coachmen. And if any Briton has done a service to the hat industry, it's Rex Harrison, with that crisp, checked material hat that he wore as Professor Higgins. Long live the bowler. But now, for less formal wear, the hatters introduce the Comet. It's illustrated in the photographs on this page. The most noticeable feature of the Comet (named as a compliment to de Havilland and B.O.A.C.) is the change in the shape of the crown—the front and back are sloped inwards towards each other, to give a smart and streamlined silhouette. The trend for sharply upcurled brims continues, but in a narrower form than the Delta—down to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. The crown is rather deeper, usually about 5 in. deep, but variations in the width of the hatband help to emphasize or reduce the apparent height. Most crowns have a centre crease only, but side creases can be inserted if they are required.

The Comet hat is being promoted particularly in blues and browns, which are scheduled for a big comeback throughout men's wear. The felt used is smooth and plain finished, in keeping with the overall effect—a sleek, slim line in accordance with the current trend in outerwear generally. Prices will range from 37s. 6d. I think it will do well.



To top the current slim-&-trim silhouette for men comes the Comet, a hat featuring a narrow brim with a sleek side curl. As the pictures show, the hat is capable of variation to suit the wearer

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A street stages a revue

Sloane Street Southwest One, the satirical revue sponsored by businessmen in Sloane Street and Sloane Square, at the Carlton Tower Hotel will be preceded by a movie introducing the cast, from which the scenes below were taken. At bottom, Nicholas Parsons and Robin Palmer greet Gillian Lynd, watched by Joy Bryer of Promotions (London) Ltd. who are producing the show, Patricia Routledge and Tony Tanner. *Centre left:* Gillian Lynd and Tutte Lemkow who directs. *Centre right:* The cast with Joanna Rigby standing. *Below:* Arrival at the Carlton Tower. Four fashion models are also in the show, running Tuesday to Thursday, to raise funds for the Invalid Children's Aid Association

PHOTOGRAPHS: HOUSTON ROGERS

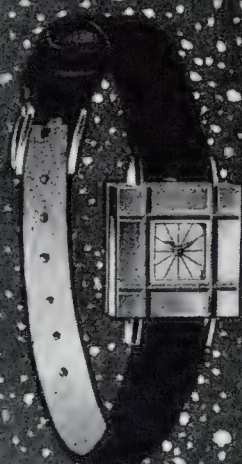


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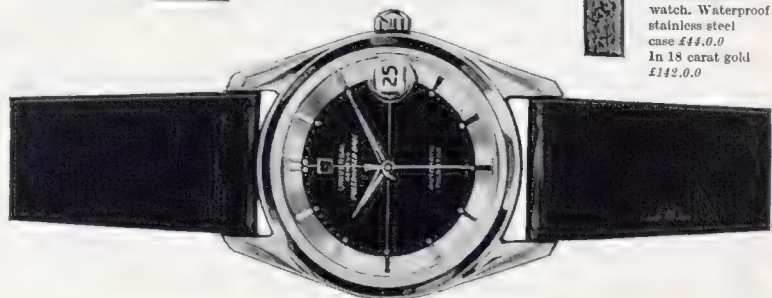
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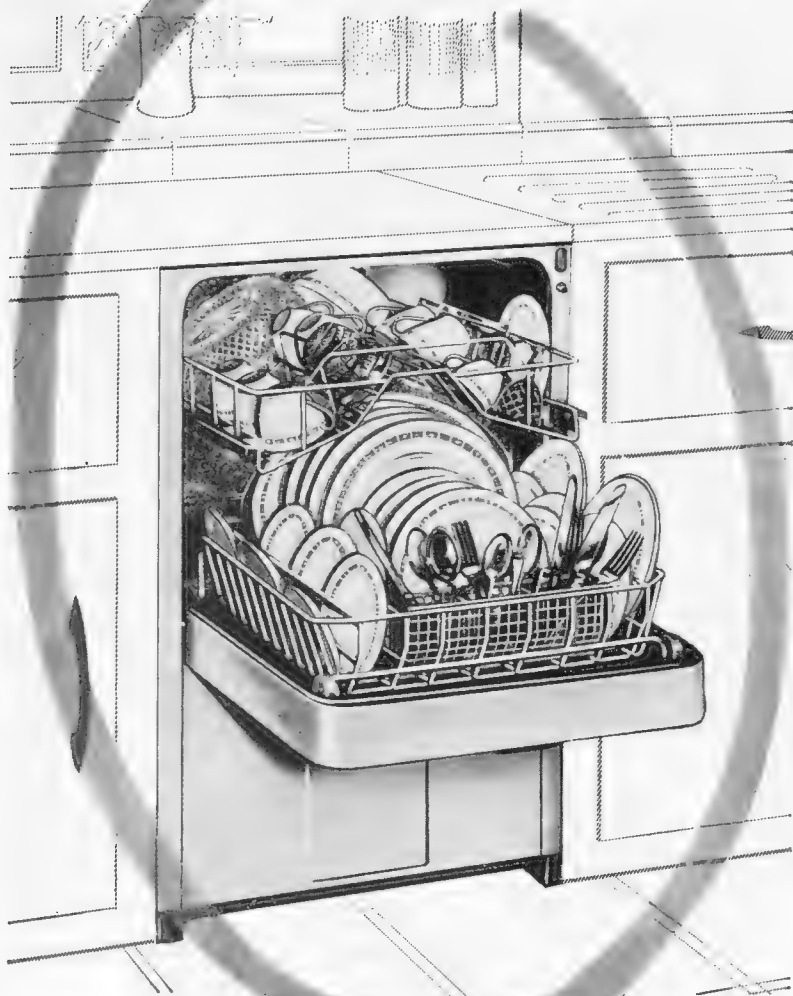
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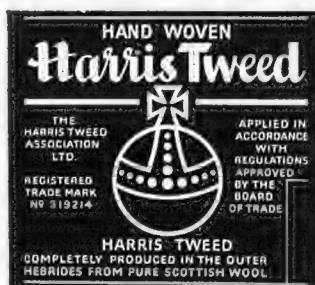
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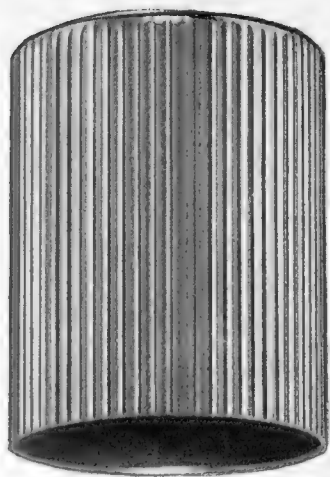
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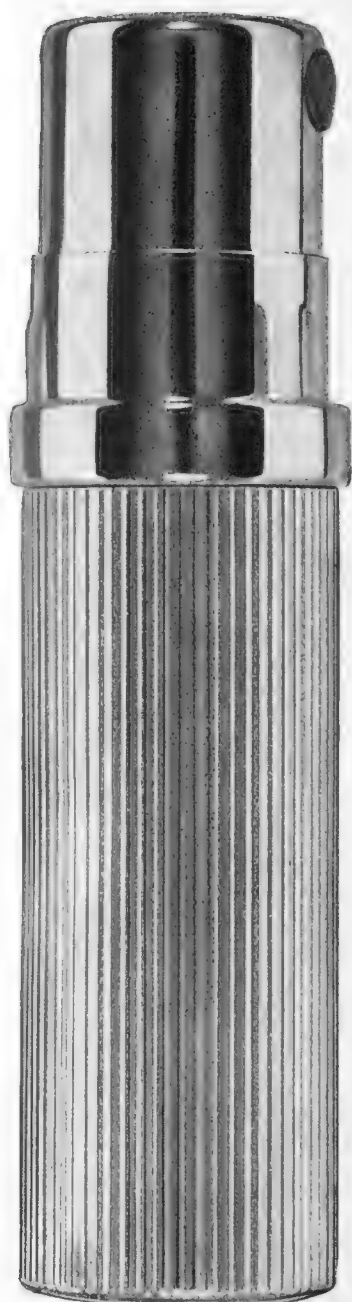
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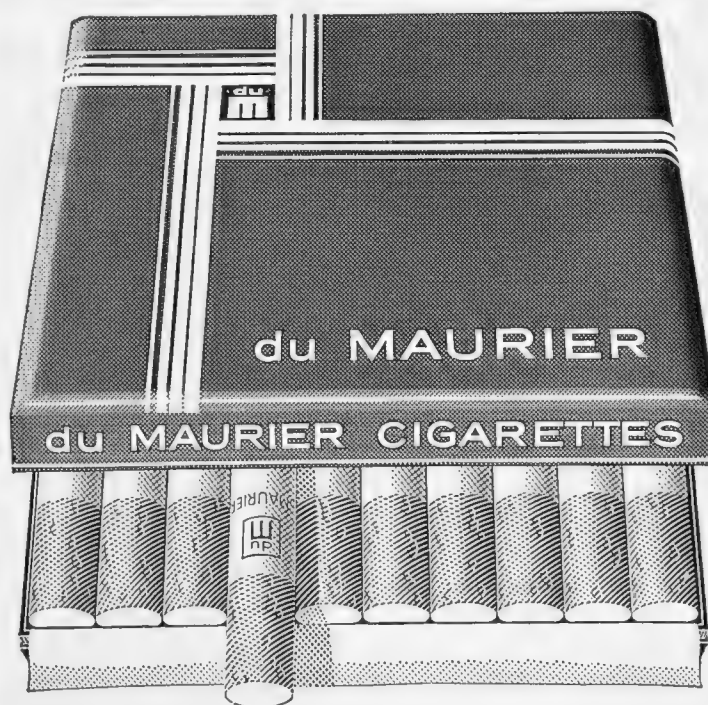
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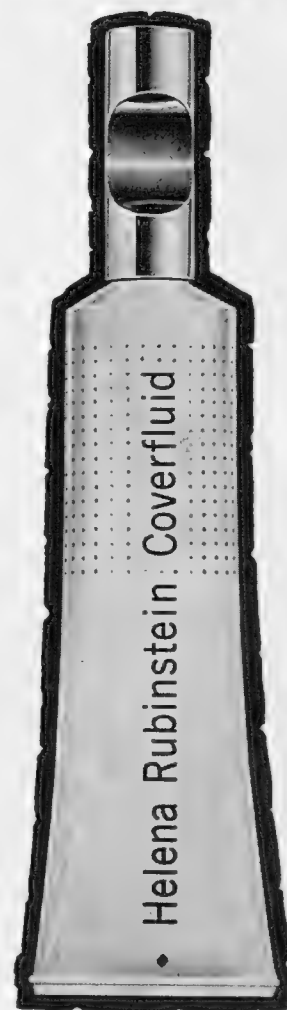
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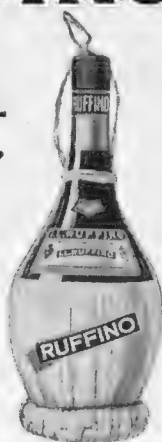
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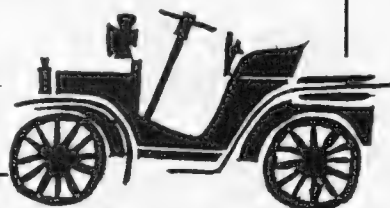
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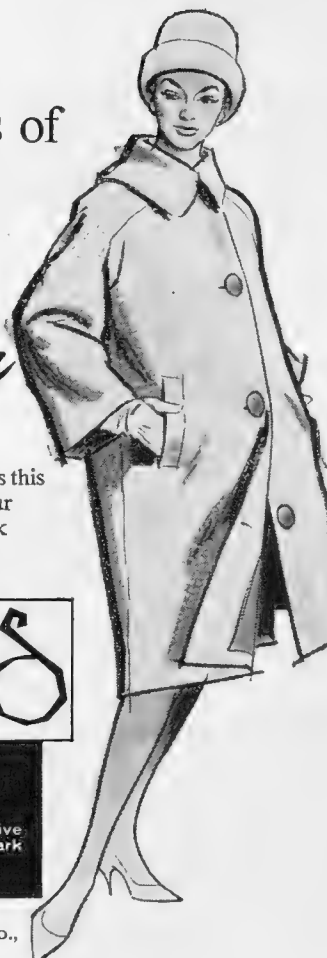
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